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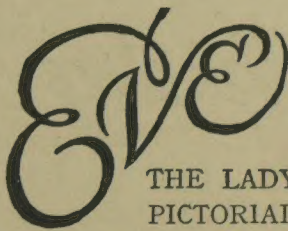
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1928.

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## "LIKE AN IDOL OF THE GOD MOLOCH": A TWO-TON DEVIL-FISH—STRANGEST OF ALL STRANGE SEA CREATURES.

Describing the extraordinary fish that swarm in the sea off north-west Australia, Mr. L. Haden Guest writes (in his article on the next page): "Strangest of all strange sea creatures is the devil-fish, which may weigh up to two tons and need the whole of a railway truck for its support. When propped up on a truck it looks like an idol of the god Moloch." Mr. W. P. Pycraft, writer of

our "World of Science" page, says: "The name is applied to many different species, and this particular specimen is a relative of the saw-fish. This photograph shows the under-side of the head seen in Nos. 4 and 6 (on page 983). The teeth, which form a mosaic of diamond-shaped blunt cones, are massed to form interlocking bosses for crushing hard-shelled animals."

PHOTOGRAPH BY L. HADEN GUEST, M.C. (SEE HIS ARTICLE AND FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS ON FOLLOWING PAGES.)



## SEA MONSTERS WHOSE HIDES MAKE WOMEN'S SHOES.

Marvels of Fish Life Derided as "Munchausen" Tales when Described by Louis de Rougemont.

By L. HADEN GUEST, M.C. (See Illustrations on Front and Opposite Pages.)

ON my recent tour in Australia I visited the north-west coast, going to the remote "out-back" by the most modern method of transport, the aeroplane. The north-west of Australia is a region well worth visiting. Cut off from the railway and with a very scattered population, it is still quite primitive. The big sheep-stations there are 1200 or more square miles in area (as big as counties), and have only perhaps ten white people on them and a hundred of the black and long-haired aborigines.

The only way, except for the aeroplane, to approach this country is by motor-car over rough bush-tracks or by boat up to the little ports. The ports are hardly more than a cluster of houses around the end of a jetty or a small harbour, and are chiefly used for boats that carry away the bales of wool which are the wealth of the country and bring the few stores needed by the sheep-stations and the traders. But the ports have another interest. They are unequalled centres for every kind of fishing. For, if the land is very empty of men, the sea is very abundantly full of every kind of fish. This is the land which Louis de Rougemont visited over twenty years ago, and from which he brought such stories of marvels that he was laughed at as an impostor.

But in the sea near the port of Carnarvon, in the north-west, many hundreds of tons of sharks, dugongs, turtles, king-fish, devil-fish, and sting-rays were captured last year. Not for sport and not to convince anyone of their reality, but to make ladies' shoes and covering for vanity-bags and trunks out of shark and other skins.

From Carnarvon up north to Broome and Wyndham the sea is a veritable miracle of fishes. There are sharks of many different kinds, not in hundreds, but in millions. There are tiger-sharks and grey nurse-sharks and sand-sharks and hammer-heads and others. They swim swiftly and silently, and separate kinds live at different depths; they have their own migrations and their own laws. Some swim up to the north and some come down to the south, and take heed of none but their own kind. Occasionally they attack men, but usually only white men, not the blacks; and it is thought that they attack white men because the shine of their white limbs in the water is like the white shine of the belly of a fish.

On the surface of the sea turtles abound. They are to be seen lazily floating and apparently asleep, and then, as they are approached, they whip away like a flash under the water. There is the hawksbill, valuable for its shell; the green-back, good for soup; and the loggerhead, which is also edible. And below in the sea, among the waving seaweeds, are to be seen great sea-snakes, writhing and swimming swiftly in big curves and looking venomous, whether they are so in reality or not.

Fishes in these seas are not far apart and difficult to catch; they exist in huge shoals, and can be lifted out of the water with a stick or hauled out in heaps by casting a lead-weighted net around them and dragging it into a boat. There are kingfish as big as a six-foot man sometimes, and weighing about the same. There are gar-fish that skip along the surface of the water to escape their enemies, as if some giant child were playing ducks and drakes with them. There are small climbing fish that leave the water and climb up the trunks of trees to sit on the shady side of their branches. Some fish, such as soles, white fish, and a fish like bream, are coloured much as in our own waters. But other fishes are of brilliant

Shellfish also abound. Oysters—small, very rough-shelled, and with baby oysters growing on top of the bigger ones—can be shovelled out of the sea not in dozens, but in tons. There are reefs of oysters. Cockles, too, as big as breakfast-cups, make very good eating; and there are clams a foot and more across whose shell closes like a vice and can be a very awkward trap for bird or fish or other creature. On the floor of the sea crawls the black sea-slug, a foot long and three or four inches thick—a delicacy: trepang, it is called, prized by Chinese and by many white men. It makes a delicious soup.

The coast of the north-west of Australia north of Broome—the centre of the pearling industry—is very rugged, and there are numerous islands fringed by reefs and separated by reefs. Here the tides rip and swell in dangerous currents that pile the waters feet high and make great whirlpools. And on the islands and the reefs are big sea meadows of seaweeds where the sea-pigs, the dugongs, feed. Blunt-snouted, with two flippers in front and a divided tail behind, they are thought to be the creatures whose appearance has given rise to reports of the existence of mermaids. For the dugongs are mammals: they suckle their young and carry their babies about with them under one finny arm. But the song of the dugong is

only a feeble cry. A hunter and pearler said to me, "Yes, they are very human and very fond of their babies"; but he added: "They are just like pigs." The flesh of the dugong is like pork, so the "mermaids" are salted down and used for food. By the north waters of Australia, salt dugong and turtles' eggs have to take the place of the more usual bacon and eggs of the domestic breakfast-table. The dugongs feed in big herds, going slowly and leisurely from one feeding ground to another, and when in herds are not sensible enough to run away from danger. A lot of oil is made out of their fat, and the Australian Bushman values it as a cure for many things. But strangest of all strange sea creatures is the devil-fish, which may weigh up to two tons and need the whole of a railway-truck for its support. When propped up on a truck it looks like an idol of the god Moloch, and if one saw it coming while out swimming it is probable that the name "devil-fish" would seem very appropriate.

Other inhabitants of the sea are crocodiles near the mouths of the creeks and rivers, and many varieties of lesser fishes of all shapes and sizes. Only the fringe of exploration of the country and of the seas around it

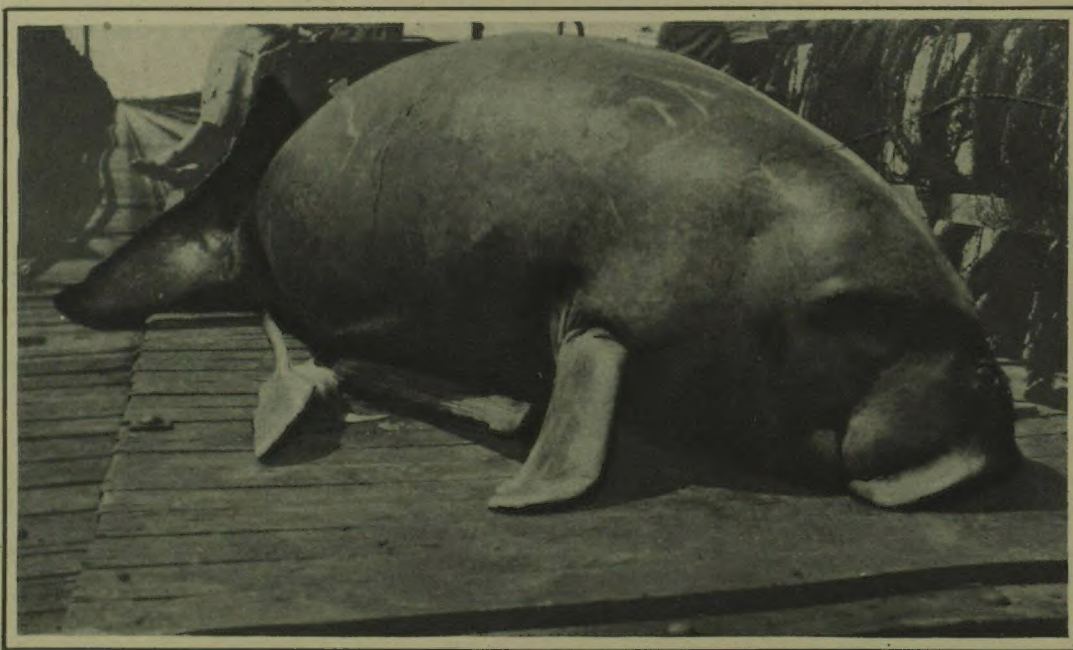
to the north has yet been done. As one flies along the coast line in an aeroplane it is clear to see that the map of the coast is only approximately correct and not by any means accurate. So there may yet be more wonders of the deep to be discovered in the brown, blue, purple, red, and green coral reefs, or in the mangrove swamps that fringe the shore.



SPEARING DUGONG, AND FOLLOWING THE SPEAR INTO THE WATER: CURIOUS METHODS OF NORTH-WEST AUSTRALIAN NATIVE FISHERMEN, WHO POSSESS NO ROPE.

Having no rope to attach to their "harpoons," the aborigines of the North-West Australian coast, when hunting dugong, retain hold of the spear after making their thrust, and plunge into the water with it.

colours, and swim in huge shoals like living rainbows. Then in shallow waters the sting-rays are found in hundreds, some being small and some attaining a quarter of a ton in weight. Their weapon of offence and defence is the stinging tail covered with a slimy



THE "MERMAID" OF NORTH-WEST AUSTRALIAN SEAS: THE DUGONG, A WATER MAMMAL DESCRIBED AS "VERY HUMAN" AND FOND OF ITS YOUNG, BUT "JUST LIKE A PIG."

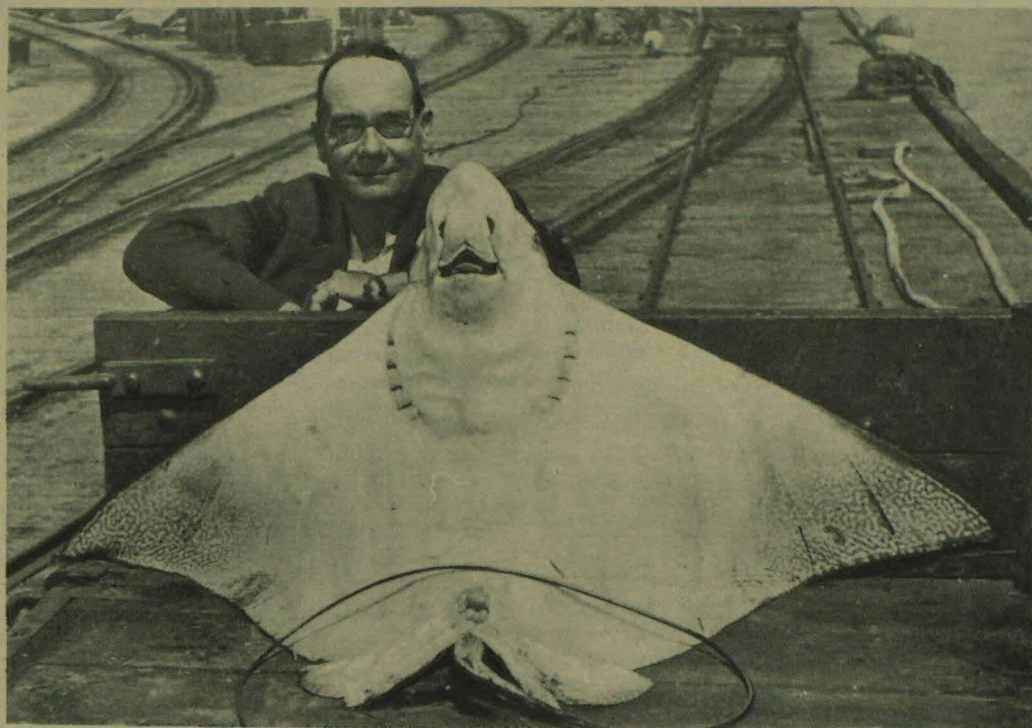
The dugong is said to have originated the belief in mermaids. Its flesh is like pork, and on the north-west coast of Australia salt dugong takes the place of bacon on the breakfast table. Mr. W. P. Pycraft supplies the following note: "The dugong is more strictly marine than the manatee, and is the object of a special 'policy' for the sake of its clear, limpid oil, said to have the medicinal properties of cod-liver oil."

poison, which paralyses their victims and extends, according to the size of the fish, to nearly ten feet in length. The skin of sting-rays, or stingarees, as they are sometimes called, is particularly suitable for tanning and making into leather. It is not known whether the paralysing properties of the sting are transferred to the shoe!

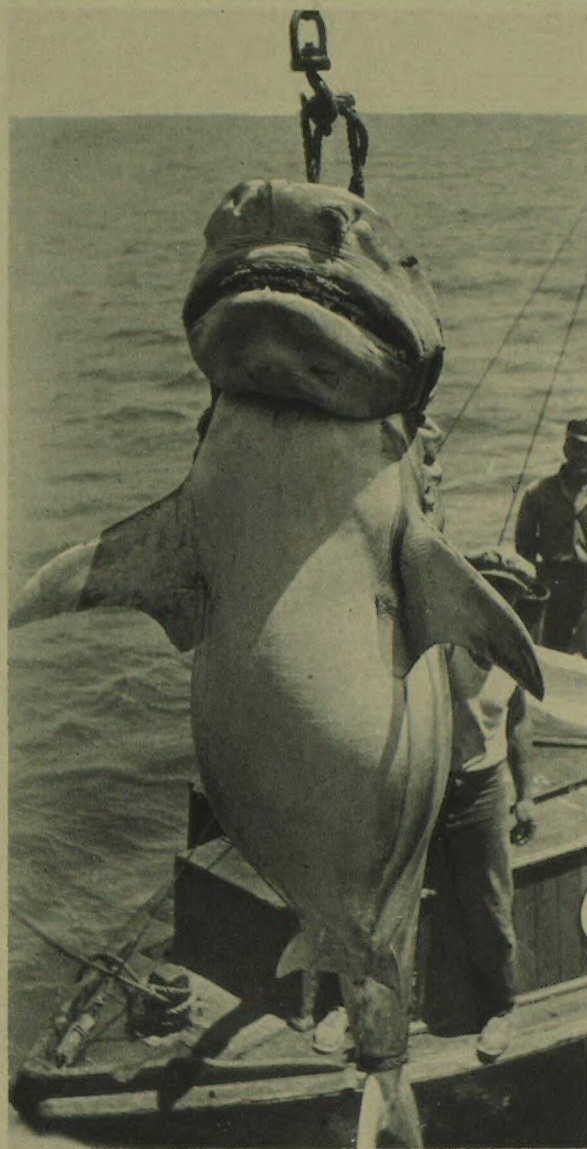


# GROTESQUES OF THE DEEP: UGLY FISH OF WEST AUSTRALIAN SEAS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L. HADEN GUEST, M.C. (SEE HIS ARTICLE OPPOSITE AND ILLUSTRATION ON THE FRONT PAGE.)



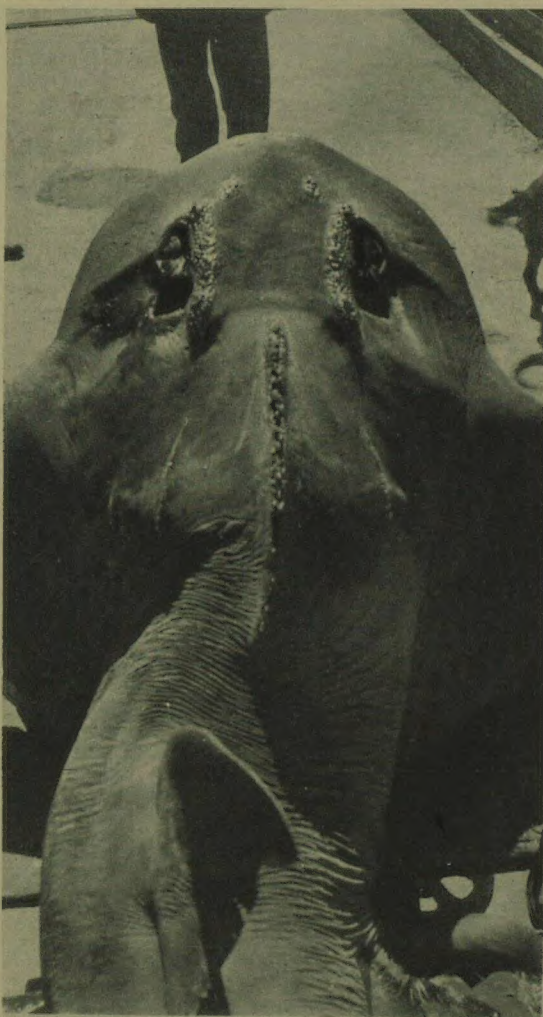
1. THE SPOTTED EAGLE-RAY (*AETOBATES NARINARI*): AN AQUILINE FISH WITH A LONG, WHIP-LIKE TAIL (SEEN TURNED ACROSS THE LOWER PART OF THE BODY) AND A "WING-SPREAD" OF 5 FT.



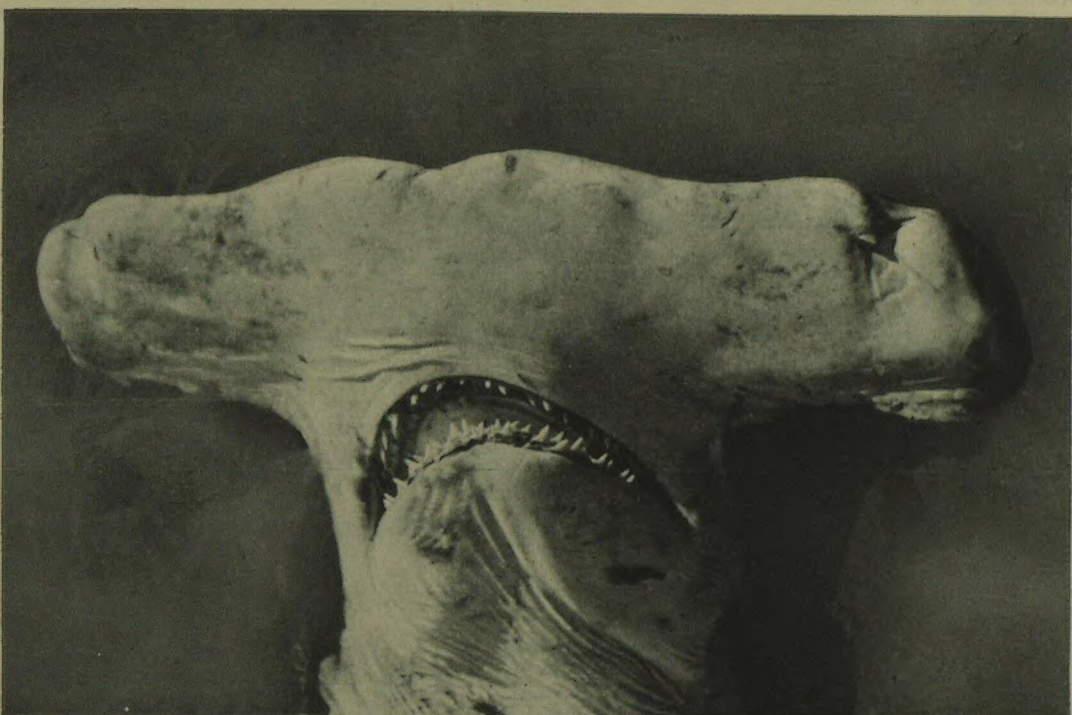
2. THE TIGER-SHARK (*GALEOCERDO ARCTICUS*), A LARGE SPECIES RELATED TO THE FEARSOME MAN-EATING BLUE SHARK, WHICH MAY ATTAIN A LENGTH OF 25 FT.



3. A DEVIL FISH (*RHINA ANCYLOSTOMUM*): THE HEAD, WITH BROAD ROUNDED LOBE IN PLACE OF THE POINTED SNOUT USUAL AMONG SHARKS AND RAYS—SHOWING THE SPIRACLES, OR BREATHING-HOLES.



4. A DEVIL-FISH RELATED TO THE SAW-FISH: A VIEW SHOWING THE PECULIAR ARMATURE OF THE BACK FORMED BY A CLUSTER OF BONY TUBERCLES BESIDE EACH SPIRACLE.



5. THE HAMMER-HEAD SHARK: ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY OF LIVING FISHES, THE EYES BEING LET OUT AT THE END OF TWO BEAM-LIKE PROJECTIONS, ONE ON EACH SIDE OF THE HEAD—A SPECIMEN CAUGHT OFF THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF AUSTRALIA, SHOWING THE HEAD AND MOUTH.

These photographs of remarkable types of ugliness in fish illustrate Mr. Haden Guest's article, on the opposite page, describing the wonders of marine life off the north-west coast of Australia. "Near the port of Carnarvon," he writes, "many hundreds of tons of sharks, dugongs, turtles, king-fish, devil-fish, and sting-rays were captured last year. From Carnarvon up north to Broome and Wyndham the sea is a veritable miracle of fishes. There are sharks of many different kinds, not in hundreds, but in millions. There are tiger-sharks and grey nurse-sharks and sand-sharks and hammer-heads and others." Mr. W. P. Pycraft, of the Natural History Museum, the writer of our weekly "World of

Science" article, has kindly supplied details of the creatures here illustrated. Some of his notes are fully incorporated in the titles given above, but of others a few further particulars may be given. (1) "The Spotted Eagle-Ray is but a small species, measuring no more than 5 ft. across its wings, as against 20 ft. in some of its relatives, which are among the largest of living fish. (4) This 'Devil-fish'—for this is a name applied to many quite different species—is a relative of the saw-fish. Of its many peculiarities not the least is the armature of the back, taking the form of a cluster of bony tubercles beside each spiracle, or breathing-hole, and in the middle line of the back, in front of the dorsal fin."





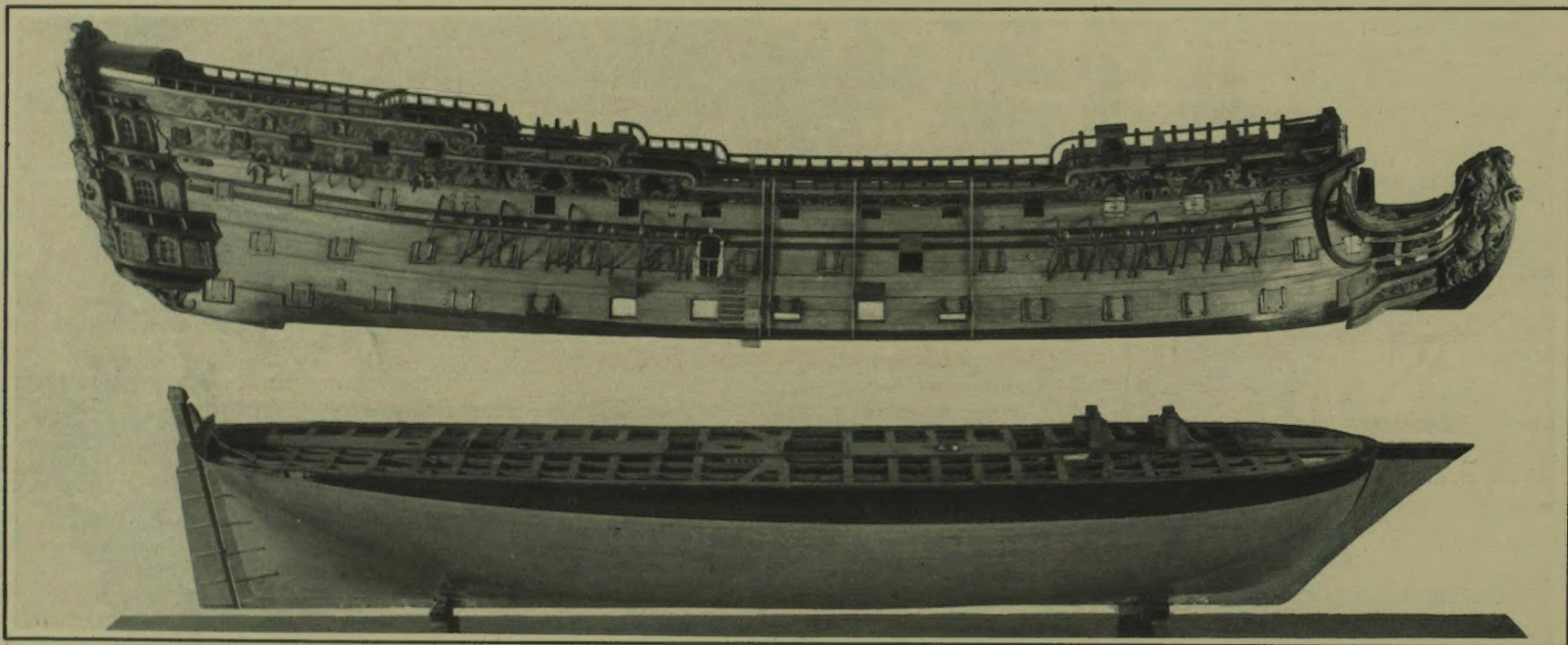
By G. K. CHESTERTON.

TO say that the moderns are half-educated may seem to be too complimentary by half. But in truth the trouble of the moment is concerned with something worse than half-education. It is a question of which half. It is a question of whether people get the right half or the wrong half of education. It is, above all, a question of whether they get the first half or the second.

The nuisance nowadays is that they get the last half and not the first. They do not know the elements of anything, but only the ends of everything. Especially all that trumpery and ephemeral trash that is called "the last word" in something. To know the last word of a sentence, without knowing the first, is really to be too late to know anything. And yet those who thus come too late for the play have an absurd pioneering pose of being very early in the field. They are, in fact, very late in the field, and often do not even know it is a battle-field, because they come after the battle. But, anyhow, this is the great defect of the culture current in our own time. It is exactly the first lessons that have never

It so happens that the last mood of men, in our commercial corner of the world, was rather opposed to ceremony. Their special pride was in being practical; and, by one of those atmospheric associations which so strangely affect this or that generation, they associated industry and good sense with something harsh, ugly, and abrupt in manners and customs and costume. The Man from Manchester boasted that he did not stand on ceremony; implying that ceremony was an elegant and fragile piece of furniture, which would soon collapse if he stood on it. These (now rather ancient) views of the Man from Manchester are probably still treasured as modern by the Bishop from Birmingham. Anyhow, it is true that this particular patch, I should say this rather black patch (which was practically coterminous with the coal-field of Victorian England) did stand out in this fashion on the many-coloured map of mankind. But it was quite an exception; and the exception had nothing to do with education. Taking all the rest of humanity as a whole, with all its different centuries and civilisations, we find that humanity is very ceremonial. When it is very

salutation or sacrifice. Confucius was a sort of agnostic, and certainly had a more consistent and serene philosophical position than some liberal theologians. But if you had told the followers of Confucius that they were to have no forms or ceremonies for ever and ever, they would have felt as if a tyrant were cutting off all their noses or their ears. It is impossible to imagine the great Chinese civilisation without ceremony. Not only manners but morals are intertwined with ceremony. But, above all, ceremony is a pleasure and a sort of framework for all the arts. Ceremony is acted poetry. Take it away from the mass of mankind anywhere, and you have broken the very heart of a holiday. This generalisation is really general. With very rare and accidental interludes, made by some ferocious sect or some quaint and provincial prejudice, it is the prevailing attitude or pattern of the whole procession of the human race. Its dancing and interlacing lines can be traced in every script and tapestry and type of ornament, in all the high civilisations of the world. The whole map of man, I say, is coloured with the romance of religious ritual; coloured purple



A UNIQUE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SHIP MODEL (MADE IN TWO SECTIONS) RECENTLY EXAMINED BY THE KING: THE 3000-GUINEA MODEL OF H.M.S. "ROYAL WILLIAM," WITH THE UPPER SECTION RAISED.

As noted on the opposite page, the King took great interest in this model at the Art Treasures Exhibition of the British Antique Dealers' Association, where it was exhibited at his special request. On catching sight of it, he said to one of his suite: "There you are. Would you like to buy it

for 3000 guineas?"—i.e., the sum it had fetched at a sale a few weeks before. His Majesty explained the technical details of this unique model, and expressed his pleasure at having an opportunity of examining it so closely. He hoped that it would be acquired for a museum in this country.

By COURTESY OF MR. J. M. BOTIBOL, HANWAY STREET, W.I. (SEE ALSO ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

been learnt; it is only the last lessons that have been crammed. A queer and almost fantastic expression is used about a certain sort of girls' school; it is called a finishing school. But all our schools are finishing schools. They finish what has never begun.

It was presumably in reference to this process that Bishop Barnes recently said, or was reported as saying, that everybody is now being educated. It would be more scientifically exact to say that they are being very nearly half-educated, beginning at the wrong end. But I think this must have been what the Bishop meant, because of the extraordinary fruit which he attributed to this form of cultivation. He said something about ceremonies that no educated person requires or regards; and the moment I saw those words I realised how horrible a thing this modern teaching backwards can be. If education began at the right end—with what man is in his full humanity, with what he has been in his rich and varied history, with what elements in it are exceptional and what constant and normal—such a narrow view as the Bishop's would be impossible in any educated man. But because modern education begins with the modern man, instead of beginning with man, it begins of necessity at the wrong end. It brings out, of necessity, the wrong result; a ridiculous result.

civilised, it is very ceremonial. When it is highly educated, it is highly ceremonial. Even when it is not only profoundly philosophical but profoundly sceptical, it is still profoundly ceremonial.

This has got nothing to do with that modern quarrel between Christianity and Paganism in which Bishop Barnes takes what some consider a curious part. It is not necessary to bring Christianity into this question at all. It is not necessary to enter into any of the arguments about Catholicism and Protestantism, to which our newspapers now seem to be almost entirely given over. It is not necessary to appeal to Canterbury, to go back to Geneva, to go over to Rome. It is only necessary to escape from Birmingham, or rather from some specially dingy suburb of Birmingham. The great Greeks who listened to Pericles or to Socrates included any number of free-thinkers, whose minds were much more detached and inquisitive than that of a respectable Victorian and Darwinian clergyman in the Midlands. But if you had said to those Greeks that men should not have ceremonies, should not go in procession or join in religious dances, or carry torches or receive garlands, they would have felt as if you were mutilating their manhood. They would have thought it like cutting off their legs to forbid the dance of ritual; like losing their right hand to forbid it to be raised in

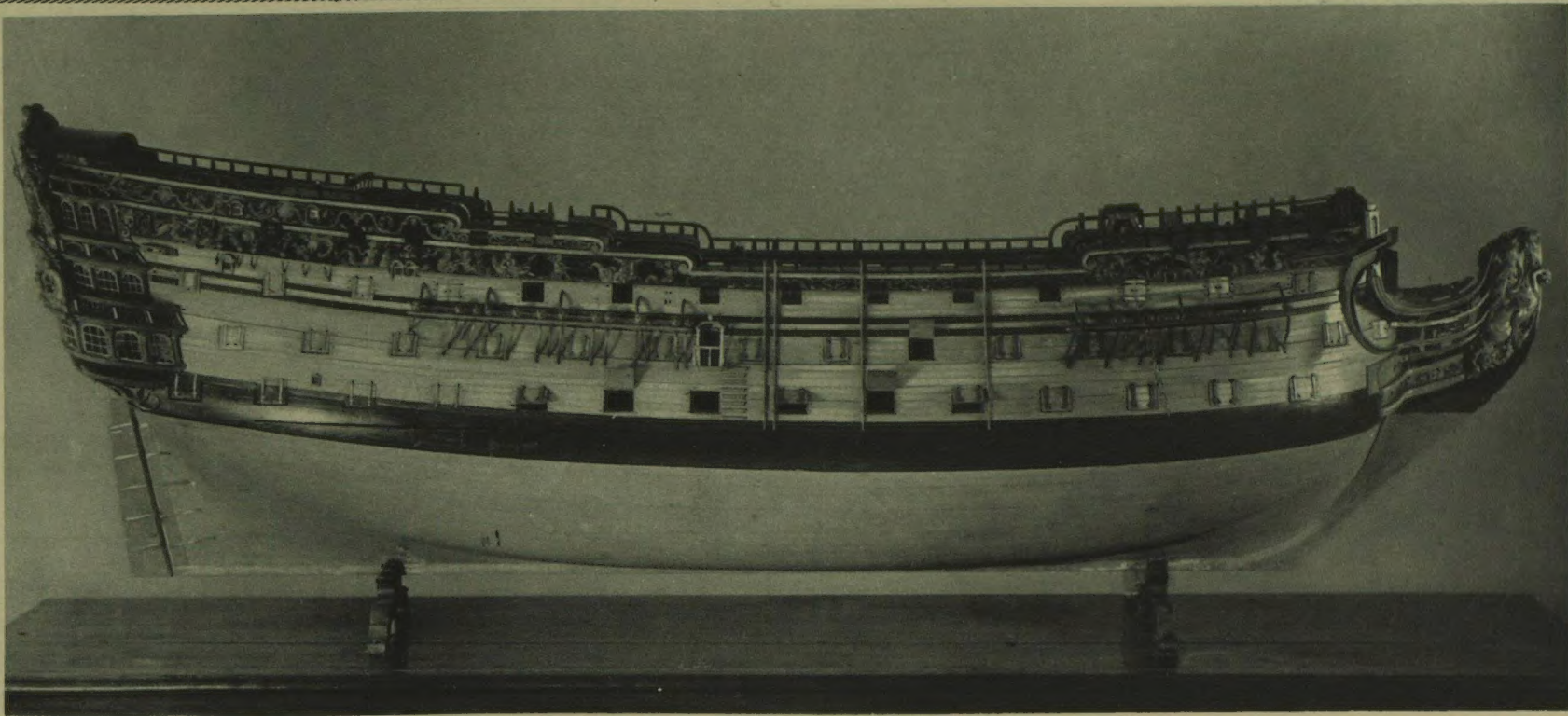
and peacock-blue and green and gold and crimson; save for some one black dot on the globe like Birmingham, enclosing a smaller black dot called the Bishop of Birmingham.

But the point to emphasise here is that education, if it were really education, would teach a man to appreciate this art of ritual and not to despise it. But education is not education, for the reason I have already given; that it begins at the wrong end and then only goes half-way. It is only because Dr. Barnes starts with the modern man, with his billycock hat and head, with his Cockney accent in thought as well as speech, that he is driven to deny to all men anything that this sort of man does not specially understand. If he began where he ought to begin, with man and all that man has discovered, he would soon find that the need for symbolism in gesture and movement was one of the things to be discovered first. The negation of it is not a liberation but a limitation. It is a want which is felt even by those who do not know what they want. A very great part of the nervousness, the cramped irritation, the unnatural need of stimulus, the loafing that is not rest but restlessness—a great deal of all this is due to the loss of the immemorial human habit of sweeping and satisfying gesture; of the hand stretched forth to the altar or lifted in salutation of the god.

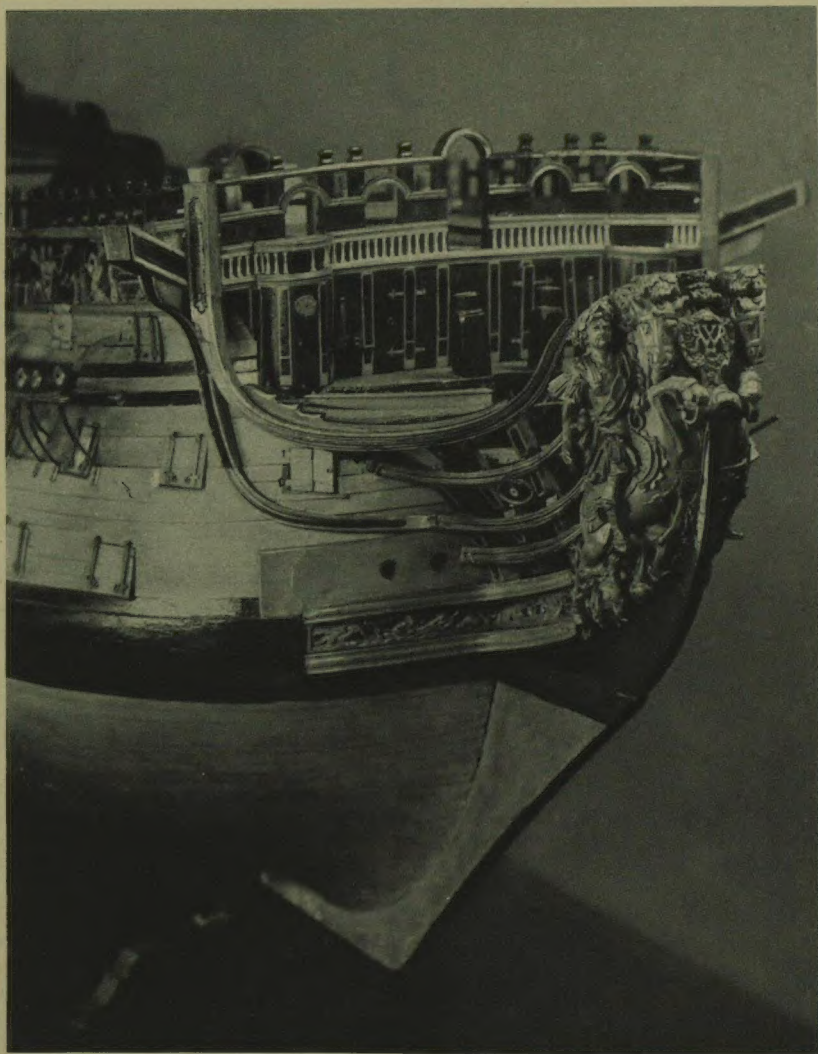


# A SHIP MODEL WHICH THE KING HOPES WILL REMAIN IN ENGLAND.

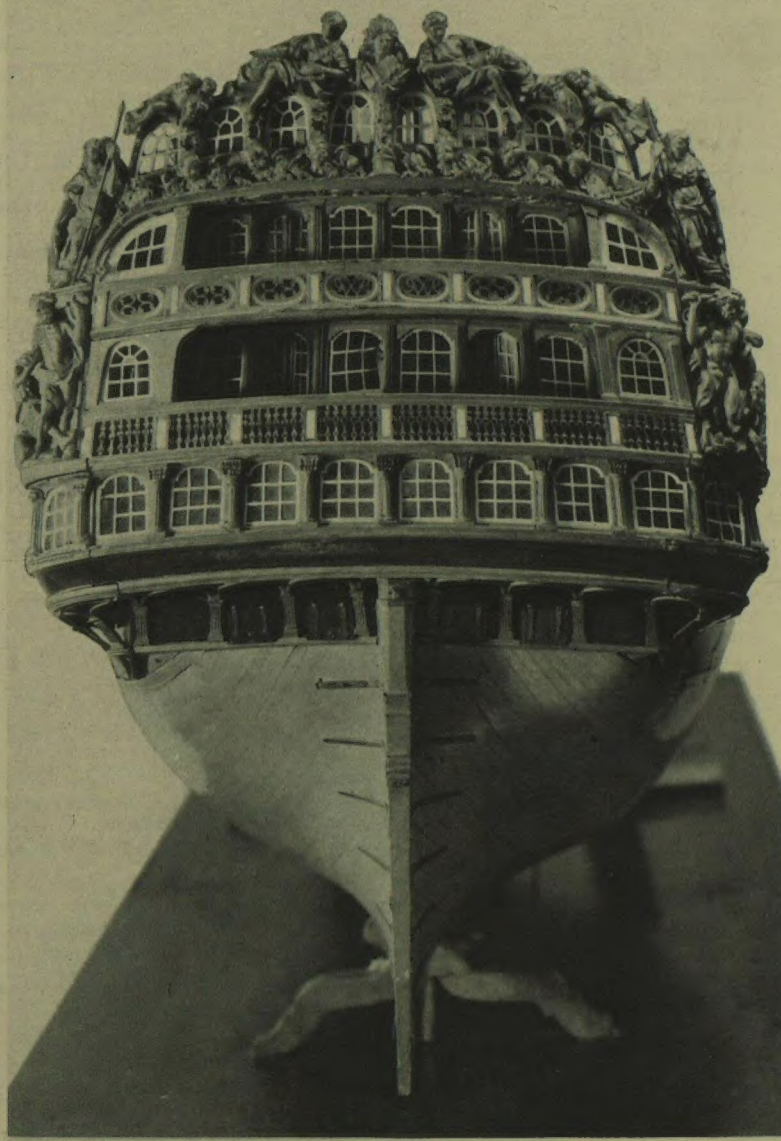
By Courtesy of Mr. J. M. Botibol, Hanway Street, W.1. (SEE ALSO ILLUSTRATION ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



SHOWN LATELY, AT THE KING'S REQUEST, IN THE BRITISH ANTIQUE DEALERS' EXHIBITION OF ART TREASURES AND EXAMINED THERE BY HIS MAJESTY: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MODEL OF THE OLD H.M.S. "ROYAL WILLIAM," FORMERLY IN THE POSSESSION OF LORD ST. VINCENT AND RECENTLY SOLD FOR 3000 GUINEAS—(4 FT. 7 IN. LONG, 17 IN. HIGH, AND 14 IN. BROAD).



A REPLICA IN LITTLE OF THE SHIP THAT BROUGHT WOLFE'S BODY HOME FROM QUEBEC: THE MODEL OF H.M.S. "ROYAL WILLIAM"—THE BOWS AND FIGUREHEAD, WITH THE ROYAL CYPHER AND ARMS OF WILLIAM III.



WITH MANY CARVED FIGURES AND A BUST OF WILLIAM III. (IN CENTRE AT THE TOP): THE STERN OF THE MODEL OF H.M.S. "ROYAL WILLIAM," WHICH WAS IN THE BATTLES OF BARFLEUR (AS FLAG-SHIP) AND LA HOGUE.

When the King and Queen visited the British Antique Dealers' Association Exhibition of Art Treasures, in the Grafton Galleries, the other day, his Majesty was deeply interested in this fine eighteenth-century model of an old English man-o'-war, H.M.S. "Royal William." As noted in our issue of April 21, it was inherited by Lord St. Vincent by the late Hon. Mary Lysons, and at a recent sale was bought, by Mr. J. Rochelle Thomas, for 3000 guineas. It can now be seen, by appointment only, at the premises of Mr. J. M. Botibol, antique-dealer, at 28-30, Hanway Street, Oxford Street, W.1. When the King saw it, he remarked: "I suppose it will go to America," and, on learning the price which it had fetched, he added: "It ought to go to that museum I opened the other day." The

model is made in two sections (as shown on the opposite page) in fine boxwood. It bears a portrait bust of William III, on the stern and his royal cypher and coat-of-arms on the bow and in the side paintings. The original ship was designed by Phineas Pett, and laid down in 1670. Before being called the "Royal William" she had borne the names of "Royal Charles" and "Royal James." The "Naval Chronicle" of 1813 referred to "the long services of the 'Royal William' protracted beyond those of any other ship ever built." In 1692 she fought at La Hogue, and at Barfleur as flag-ship of Sir Cloudesley Shovell. In 1759 she brought home the body of General Wolfe from Quebec. She was finally broken up in 1820.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

It is not always congenial, "on a prosperous morn" in June, to sit down to the perusal of solid and serious works of historical biography, politics, finance, diplomacy, and social welfare. The welfare of the individual is apt to present a more alluring problem. But the conscientious reviewer must "scorn delights and live laborious days," seeking solace and moral support in the example of that great and good man, Captain Reece, the commander of H.M.S. *Mantelpiece*—"it was his duty, and he did."

If I frankly admit that, at the moment of writing, I would rather be playing tennis or roaming over Surrey hills, I find some extenuation of my self-indulgent proclivities in the words of one to whom the world's welfare is all in all—the author of "THE OPEN CONSPIRACY." Blue Prints for a World Revolution. By H. G. Wells (Victor Gollancz, Ltd.; 5s.). In a chapter entitled "Resistances and Antagonistic Forces in Ourselves," Mr. Wells indicates that he understands such temptations, even if he does not yield to them.

There is a whole class of states of mind which may be brought together under the head of "everydayism." The dinner-bell and the playing-fields, the cinema and the newspaper, the week-end visit and the factory siren, a host of such expectant universal things, call to a vast majority of people in our modern world to stop thinking and get busy with the interest in hand.

The prospective reader will want to know first what sort of a revolution Mr. Wells is plotting, and what will be the final result of the process in which his "blue prints" are preliminary phases. It will not be a "Red" revolution, for he criticises Communism as severely as "the flags and trumpets" of nationalism, while capitalism, or "Big Business," will play its part in his scheme. Briefly, the Open Conspiracy might be defined as an avowed movement for the economic unification of the world, for the prevention of war, and for the general welfare of mankind. Mr. Wells describes his book as an epitome of all his previous writing and thought. "This," he says, "is my religion."

His aim, it seems, is to found a new religion of humanity, absorbing all the waste enthusiasm forfeited by outworn creeds, and he offers three works "as a sort of provisional 'Bible'" of the new faith. The first part is his "Outline of History"; the second will be a work called "The Science of Life," now being prepared by him "in collaboration with two more specially qualified writers; and the third, provisionally entitled "The Conquest of Power," will treat of economic and social organisation. The "conspiracy" will begin with the formation of groups for discussion and a bureau of propaganda and world information, and will lead on to active work in politics and education.

Whether or not we accept the Wellsian gospel, its prophet deserves honour for his sincerity, sympathy, broad outlook, and indefatigable industry. No writer that I know has so continually pegged away at promoting human welfare, subordinating thereto his great gifts for the more lucrative production of popular fiction. He has now stated in terms of modern thought and brought into the region of practical endeavour a vision long ago expressed in verse by that old-fashioned person, Alfred Tennyson, whom the modernist delights to hammer—

When the schemes and all the Systems, Kingdoms,  
and Republics fall,  
Something kindlier, higher, holier—all for each and  
each for all.

Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single  
tongue—  
I have seen her far away—for is not Earth as yet  
so young?

Tennyson did not face all the connubial implications of a "single race," and Mr. Wells, I think, slides too easily over the vast obstacle of the colour problem, suggesting that a day may come when "the colour of a man's skin or the kinks in a woman's hair cease to have the value of shibboleths that involve educational, professional or social extinction." I wonder whether he has travelled much in Asia and Africa. As to "the single tongue," he is not at one with Tennyson, for he says: "In a polyglot world a Parliament of mankind is an inconceivable instrument of government."

Mr. Wells anticipates that his "open conspiracy" will eventually provoke fierce opposition, and may involve a

resort to force. In that case the remedy might be worse than the disease. His objections to monarchy and militarism seem to me slightly inconsistent with some of his other statements. He condemns "liberal and radical prejudice against the interference of highly developed modern states in the affairs of less stable and less advanced regions." This (he complains) is denounced as 'imperialism' . . . but the possibility and necessity of bringing areas of misgovernment and disorder under world control increase." He suggests that "the English-speaking states, France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries and Russia . . . could cease to arm against each other and still exert enough strength to impose disarmament and a respect for human freedom in every corner of the planet."

Now, to do all that, these nations must each retain a certain element of "flags and uniforms." Moreover, some national force will always be necessary to keep order within

comprise not only beautiful specimens of type in many languages (including ancient Greek), but also borders, decorations, wood-cuts and line drawings in profusion. For the printer and book-lover, the volume provides a feast of beauty. For myself, with eyes grown dim, not from gazing at the pilot stars, but with "poring over miserable books" and endless columns of the daily press, it awakens a wish that such high canons of printing might be universally imposed.

Mr. Aldous Huxley assesses the value of good printing with keen and humorous discernment. "Beautiful letters . . . can give us intense pleasure, as I discovered in China, even when we do not understand what they signify. For what astounding elegances and subtleties of form stare out in gold or lampblack from the shop-fronts and the hanging scarlet signs of a Chinese street! What does it matter if the literary spirit expressed by these strange symbols is only 'Fried Fish and Chips,' or 'A Five Guinea Suit for Thirty Shillings'?"

The flowery convolutions of Celestial calligraphy find social analogies in elaboration of ceremony, as described in "CHINESE BIRTHDAY, WEDDING, FUNERAL, AND OTHER CUSTOMS." By Mrs. J. G. Cormack. Illustrated (Luzac and Co.; 8s. 6d.). This is the third and enlarged edition of an interesting little book first published in 1922, but in some points, apparently, it has not been brought up to date, for we read that "though China is now a Republic, the Emperor of the Manchus still holds his Court in the heart of the Forbidden City."

In the matter of marriage, young Chinese couples have not, apparently, much choice. Betrothals of boys and girls are arranged by parents with the aid of horoscopes, and a bride (having become a member of her husband's family) "is not allowed to speak after her marriage until permission is granted by her mother-in-law." Modern ways, however, are gaining ground.

Traditional Chinese ideas of wedlock, according to Mrs. Cormack still largely prevalent, contrast strangely with drastic reforms advocated by a well-known American jurist and his collaborator in "THE COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE." By Judge Ben B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans (authors of "The Revolt of Modern Youth"). Introduction by the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell (Brentano; 10s. 6d.). The Judge begins with a definition: "Companionate marriage is legal marriage . . . with the right to divorce by mutual consent for childless couples. . . . (It is already (he adds) an established social fact in this country (U.S.). It is conventionally respectable."

This work is too controversial to be discussed here, but the Judge puts his case well, and his varied Court experiences make interesting reading. The book aims at preventing the generous impulses and affections of youth from running to waste or corruption. His ideas, of course, have much in common with those of Mr. Wells, who lays emphatic stress on the necessity for controlling population.

In considering how the world should be run in the future, one must know how it has been run in the past. Here is a "library list" (to be discussed later) of books dealing with rulers, ruling classes, leading personalities in politics or finance, and other cognate subjects. Of outstanding importance is "THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD." By Count Corti. Translated from the German by Brian and Beatrix Lunni. Illustrated (Gollancz; 25s.). Kindred interest attaches to "SPEECHES ON ZIONISM." By the Earl of Balfour. Edited by Israel Cohen. With foreword by Sir Herbert Samuel (Arrowsmith; 2s. 6d.). The Ambassadorial life is represented, on its social side, in "DIPLOMACY AND FOREIGN COURTS," by Meriel Buchanan. With Introduction by Sir Bernard Pares. Illustrated (Hutchinson; 18s.), and on its recreational and sporting side in "A DIPLOMAT OFF DUTY." By Sir Francis Lindley. Illustrated (Benn; 12s. 6d.).

Many of our living or recent leaders in politics, finance, and journalism are seen through German spectacles in "POWERS AND PILLARS": Intimate Portraits of British Personalities. By Rudolf Kircher. A translation by Constance Vesey from the German book, "Engländer." With thirty-five Portraits (Collins; 25s.). Religion, marriage, and industrial welfare are among the many interesting themes of a philosophic essayist in "THE GLORY OF DISCONTENT."

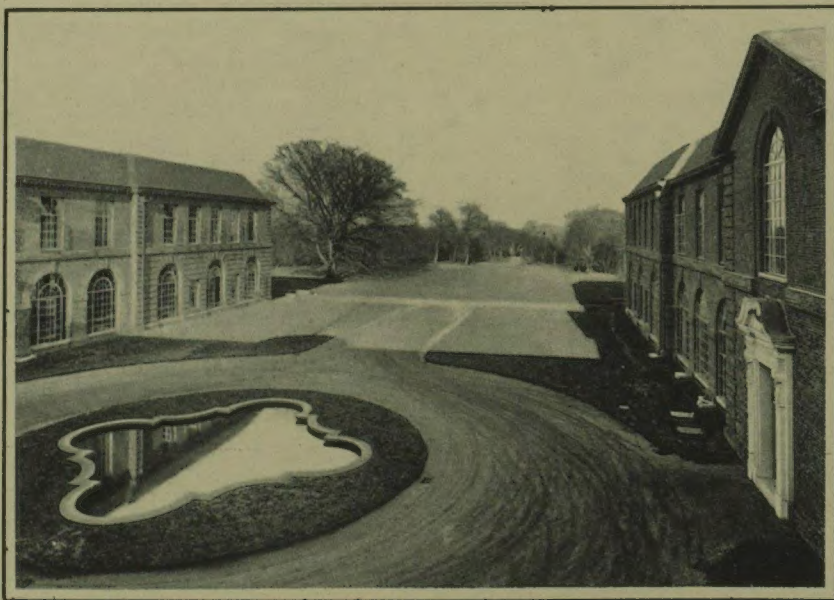
(Continued on page 4.)



A PUBLISHING AND PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT WITH THE ASPECT OF A COLLEGE: BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS OF THE WINDMILL PRESS, HEINEMANN'S NEW RURAL HEADQUARTERS OPENED BY JOHN GALSWORTHY.

their own natural borders. I fail to see why economic world-unification should be incompatible with varieties of government in particular countries—in one a republic, in another a constitutional monarchy, and so on—or with national patriotism of a non-aggressive character. Mr. Wells hardly does justice to the social and moral value of a well-conducted monarchy, although he quotes, with apparent approval, the comment of Henry James on "the peculiar headlessness of social life in America."

From the metaphorical "blue prints" of political "colour-plates" I turn to a work concerned literally with the art that suggested the metaphor—a large and



"A GRACIOUS AND PERFECT HOME OF BOOK-PRODUCTION" AND "THE PROBABLE FORERUNNER OF MANY REMOVALS TO THE COUNTRY: THE WINDMILL PRESS, WITH ITS FOUNTAIN COURT, ON THE SURREY HILLS AT KINGSWOOD.

The Windmill Press, the new headquarters of Messrs. William Heinemann, Ltd., at Kingswood, Surrey, was opened on May 23 by Mr. John Galsworthy. Speaking as "a Heinemann author" of twenty-five years' standing, he said the architects had blessed the English countryside with a building that married beauty with utility. He believed it would be the forerunner of many removals to the country. The late William Heinemann, he thought, would have been delighted to see his device of a windmill over so gracious and perfect a home of book-production." Mr. J. C. Squire replied for the guests, among whom were Mrs. Joseph Conrad, "Anthony Hope," and Mr. R. B. Cunningham-Graham. Mr. Theodore Byard, who took the chair, supported by Mr. C. S. Evans and Mr. A. S. Frere-Reeves, ascribed the enterprise to the enthusiasm of their chairman, Mr. F. N. Doubleday. The architects were Lord Gerald Wellesley and Mr. Trenwith Mills.

exquisitely produced volume entitled "PRINTING OF TO-DAY." An Illustrated Survey of Post-War Typography in Europe and the United States. Edited by Oliver Simon and Julius Rodenberg. With Introduction by Aldous Huxley (London: Peter Davies, Ltd.; New York: Harper and Brothers; 21s.; and 150 copies on hand-made paper at £3 3s.). The 122 plates forming the bulk of the work



# A CAR "HOLD-UP" AND A CYCLIST CARVED ON BALINESE TEMPLES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDRÉ ROOSEVELT. BY COURTESY OF ASIA MAGAZINE (NEW YORK).



ASTONISHING MODERNITY IN THE SCULPTURES CARVED ON THE WALLS OF TEMPLES IN THE ISLAND OF BALI: A REMARKABLE RELIEF REPRESENTING A MOTORIST IN HIS CAR "HELD UP" BY A BANDIT AT THE POINT OF THE REVOLVER.



THE INFLUENCE OF THE FILMS ON RELIGIOUS SCULPTURE IN THE EAST INDIES: A DECORATIVE FIGURE OF A CYCLIST IN A RELIEF ON A BALINESE TEMPLE—AN EXAMPLE OF THE ART OF LIVING VILLAGE CRAFTSMEN, WHO MAY BE SEEN TOILING IN THEIR PADDY-FIELDS.

The people of Bali, an island of the Dutch East Indies, near Java, possess the artistic temperament in a high degree, as will be understood by our readers who remember the illustrations of Balinese temple dances which have appeared in our pages. Nor do they adhere strictly to conventional tradition in religious sculpture. In a note on these remarkable photographs by Mr. André Roosevelt, we read (in "Asia"): "Astonishingly modern are these two bas-reliefs carved on temples at Djagaraja (above) and Kabutambahan (below), in northern Bali. But, except for three buildings discovered only a few years ago, Balinese temples—and there are thousands on the island—all date from comparatively recent times. 'So soft

is the brick, or *parras*—a sort of tufa or sandstone—of which the temples are built, that it crumbles away with the assaults of time. Again and again, therefore, the Balinese villagers leave their work in the fields and build temples to their gods. Since in Bali a temple is not a covered structure, but a series of three walled-in courts containing several small buildings or open sheds, its construction offers no problems. In the carving of the stone, which, being soft and porous, lends itself readily to decorative purposes, Balinese village craftsmen display real art. Though rooted in the past, it is a living, changing art. The hold-up man and the bicycle-rider were inspired, no doubt, by the 'movies' at Singaraja."



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE EARLY PURPLE ORCHIS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

### THE EARLY PURPLE ORCHIS.

A DAY or two ago my eyes were feasting on a gorgeous mist of "blue-bells" and flaming patches of the "early purple orchis." The massed loveliness they presented gave me a thrill of pleasure too subtle for words. To many it might seem unwise to attempt anything like an analysis of such splendours. "Never," they will urge, "look a gift horse in the mouth." But all depends on the spirit which accompanies the inspection. The gift horse's mouth will never be inspected save with a desire to confirm one's worst suspicions, but the analysis here suggested has a very different motive. It is made with the sure and certain hope that fresh beauties of another order will come to light when the blossoms seen *en masse* are examined one by one critically and reverently, for the sake of the signs and wonders they bear in every fibre of their structure.

Let the flower-head of the early purple orchis serve to vindicate the spirit of curiosity which must, for its fulfilment, be accompanied by at least a general recognition of the place which it holds in relation to other members of its tribe. We must remember, for one thing, that the early purple orchis is, but one of several species of orchid enlivening our countryside; and that while these agree in that, after the manner of plants, they are rooted in the soil, the vast majority of the tribe—numbering more than eight

What follows concerns the flower of the early purple orchis, though in all essentials it agrees with that of any other of our native orchids. To begin with, the "sepals," which in most flowers remain green, are coloured like the petals. In front of these

come a pair of petals forming a cave-like hood over-arching the "pollinia," answering to the stamens of ordinary flowers; and below is the "labellum." This last is subject to an immense variety in size and shape. In the present case, as may be seen in the photograph below (Fig. 4), it forms a downwardly directed "lip," giving rise to a long tubular "nectary" provided for the attraction of butterflies, moths, and flies of various species, which are to carry out the task of distributing the pollen. It is the labellum which

will be found adhering to the pencil, as will be seen in Fig. 2, which shows both objects highly magnified.

Sometimes both the pollinia, sometimes only one, will be withdrawn. Note the disc-like base on which the stem is set. But now a further point has to be noticed. If the pollinia remained upright they would fail of their purpose. To reach the stigmatic surface they must bend downwards, and turn ever so little outwards. The pollinium on the pencil will effect this movement in a few seconds if it be carefully watched.

And now a further strange thing happens. As soon as the club-shaped pollinia touch the sticky surface of the stigma, they are held, but not so firmly as to pull off the insect's head as

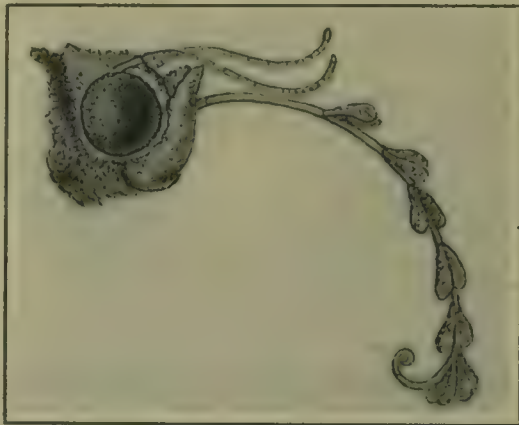


FIG. 1. "VERY EMBARRASSING" TO THE MOTH! THE PROBOSCIS OF *ACONTIA LUCTUOSA* WITH SIX PAIRS OF POLLINIA OF THE PYRAMIDAL ORCHIS STUCK TO IT.

The head and proboscis of the four-spot moth, *Acontia luctuosa*, a common British species, is here shown, with six pairs of pollinia adhering to the proboscis. (After Darwin.)

so entrances the collector of orchids, for it assumes the most extraordinary forms, sometimes simulating insects or even reptiles, or it may be bowl-shaped with a projecting hairy tongue in front of it, and so on.

Let me turn now to what is, without doubt, the most wonderful and interesting feature of all about these flowers: their method of securing fertilisation. In ordinary plants this is effected by pollen shed from the ripe anthers, and so placed where it must be carried away by insects visiting the flower for the sake of a drink of nectar. In the orchids this end is attained by very different means. Immediately under the "hood" seen in Fig. 4, two almost black cylindrical bodies will be seen. These are the "pollinia." And, when further examined in the living plant, they will be found to be borne each on a slender stalk, mounted on a disc-like base and overhanging two rather tongue-shaped sticky areas answering to the stigmas of ordinary flowers.

Now note what happens to these "pollinia." When a bee or a moth or other insect thrusts in its head to obtain the nectar from the tube, it inevitably forces it against the bases of the pollinia, and instantly they detach themselves and fasten on to the eyes, or proboscis. Those who will may make an interesting experiment. Thrust the point of a pencil into the nectary, as an insect would do its tongue, then gently withdraw it, and the pollinia

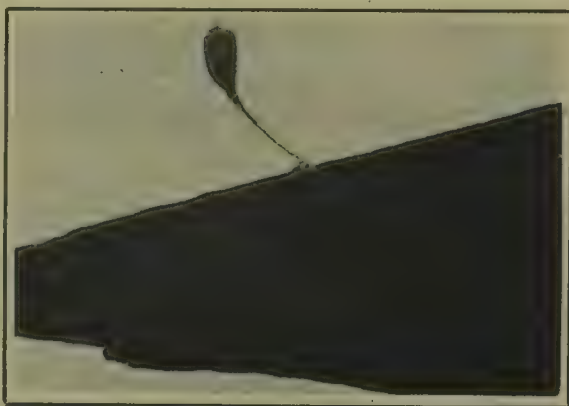


FIG. 2. A POLLINIUM OF THE EARLY PURPLE ORCHIS THAT HAS ATTACHED ITSELF TO THE POINT OF A PENCIL THRUST INTO THE NECTARY, AS IT WOULD TO AN INSECT. (HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.)

If a pencil-point is gently thrust into the mouth of the nectary of an orchid, it will be found, when withdrawn, to bear one or both of the pollinia firmly fixed to the point, and they will presently turn forwards to assume the correct position for the purpose of fertilisation.

he attempts to withdraw it, yet enough to cause the club to break up into some six or more separate packets of pollen, each attached to a delicate system of interlacing threads holding the whole together. One or more of these packets is sure to be left on the stigmatic surface to fulfil their purpose.

In Fig. 1 the head and proboscis of the four-spot moth figured by Darwin is shown. To the proboscis no fewer than six pairs of pollinia are seen adhering! They must have been very embarrassing, for nothing will shake them off! Insects with a short proboscis, compelling them to thrust the head far into the mouth of the nectary, leave with the pollinia attached to their eyes, and in some cases to the legs. These pollinia present various modifications in number and form and mode of attachment to the flower, but the mechanism is the same in all.

The scents of orchids vary greatly, some exhaling a delicious perfume, others a most unpleasant odour. These differences play an important rôle in this matter of insect visitors, for such as exhale the smell as of carrion attract carrion-feeding flies. In this way, by appealing, so to speak, to insects of different types, the chances of securing fertilisation are increased. It has been possible to do no more than present the briefest outline of this fascinating theme, but enough, perhaps, has been set down to give an added interest to these wonderful flowers, and to prompt observers to look beneath the surface of things.



FIG. 3. WITH PETALS CUT TO SHOW THE POLLINIA (A) AND PART OF THE NECTARY (B) REMOVED: AN EARLY PURPLE ORCHIS FLOWER.

In this flower the petals have been cut short to expose the pollinia overhanging the mouth of the nectary, the outer wall of which has been partly removed.

thousand species—have a very different mode of life. These last are natives of the tropics, and anchor themselves not by roots, but on the boughs and trunks of trees, or even from rocks, holding fast by means of specially modified aerial roots. The peculiar character and qualities of these roots cannot on this occasion be discussed, because a great deal will have to be crowded into a small space concerning the flower.

The orchids, by common consent, are regarded as amongst the most singular types in the vegetable kingdom, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the flower, which presents a most bewildering variety of form and colour, as well as most remarkable modifications to ensure fertilisation. Inasmuch as Charles Darwin devoted a whole volume to this theme of the fertilisation of orchids, it is clear that no more than the broad outlines of this aspect of the life-history of these strange plants can be given. The sepals and petals, which make up the "flower" to the uninitiated, in the tropical species often assume extravagant forms and great size, but in our native species we find these several parts in their simplest forms; they present us with the basis or the material out of which, these extraordinary types have been fashioned.



FIG. 4. THE ORCHID'S REMARKABLE FERTILISING SYSTEM: THE EARLY PURPLE ORCHIS (AN ENGLISH SPECIES) SHOWING THE HOOD OVER THE POLLINIA, AND THE LABELLUM LEADING TO THE NECTARY.

The enlarged blossom to the right clearly shows the hood over-arching the club-shaped pollinia, and the labellum leading to the spur forming the nectary. In the blossom to the left, above this, the pollinia are also seen.



# PLANET LANDSCAPES BY AN ASTRONOMER: V.—URANUS; NEPTUNE.

A SERIES SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S. (COPYRIGHTED.)



## PERMANENTLY GLACIATED: PROBABLE CONDITIONS ON THE TWO PLANETS FARTHEST FROM THE SUN, URANUS AND NEPTUNE.

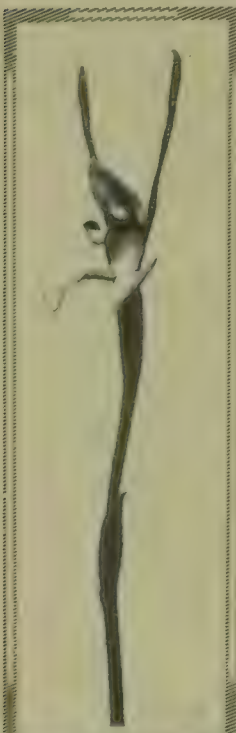
Finally, we come to a pair of planets called Uranus and Neptune, the latter's orbit representing the actual boundary of the Solar System. By reason of their enormous distances from the sun, they receive respectively but a 1-390th and 1-900th part of the heat and light which we take. Justly termed Arctic planets, they can only be conceived as being in every sense frozen inert globes; for, if our earth were placed at a similar distance from the sun, water would not only be frozen solid, but our very atmosphere would form a sea of liquid air resting upon our ocean basins. But, since the actual globes of Uranus and Neptune are probably much larger than

the earth, it is evident that the intense cold may be modified by a certain amount of inherent heat which they probably still retain. Even so, it is reasonable to regard them as worlds whose surfaces are permanently glaciated to a depth of thousands of feet, even in summer. On Uranus, winter lasts from twenty to forty years, with a temperature of 200 degrees below zero, C. Possibly, in ages gone by, the supply of heat from below was sufficient to render these planets a fit abode for life. But to-day, living creatures would need to be constituted quite differently from those we know, and the question of life on these planets may well be dismissed.



# STRANGER THAN CHELSEA'S "BABY-IN-THE-CRADLE": AUSTRALIAN ORCHIDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY DONALD THOMSON, B.Sc., FORMERLY ASSISTANT DEMONSTRATOR IN BOTANY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



1. THE RABBIT ORCHID: A LITTLE ORCHID LIKE A RABBIT'S HEAD, WITH ERECT EARS.

ORCHIDS are topical just now, in view of the Chelsea Flower Show, where, it will be recalled, the King was amused by the "Baby-in-the-Cradle" orchid, a yellow flower shaped like a cradle with a "baby" inside, and rocking to and fro on a hinge when the wind blows. We may point out also that Mr. W. P. Pyecraft is writing about orchids in his "World of Science" article (page 988 of this number), with special reference to the English early purple orchis and curious fertilisation devices. The above photographs are described by Mr. Donald Thomson, in an article headed "Some Wonderful Australian Terrestrial Orchids—the 'Greenhoods' and their Allies," as follows: "Australia, to many people overseas, still lives by her anomalies—by her strange wild life, the curious and bizarre—both in plant and animal. Among the most remarkable of Australian wild flowers are the terrestrial orchids—not a few of which are of rare beauty and of exquisite and fascinating structure. Some, through the work of the late R. D. Fitzgerald, came under the notice of Charles Darwin, who found material in them for his classic 'Cross Fertilisation of Orchids.'—THE 'GREENHOODS.' Most fascinating are the

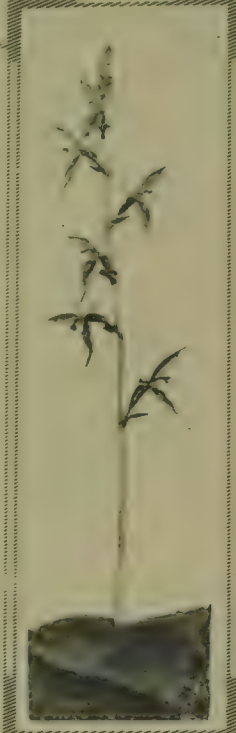
[Continued in Box 2]



2. THE QUAINT LITTLE "DEVIL" ORCHID: *ACIANTHUS CAUDATUS*, A COUSIN OF THE DAINTY "MOSQUITO" (NO. 3).

Greenhoods (*Pterostylis*), of which there are very many species, especially in the Southern States. They are not gaily-coloured flowers, but one and all have the small cowl-like hood from which the name is derived, and the quaint labellum, or tongue. In some, the labellum is sensitive, and acts as a trap for diminutive insects, shutting them inside the flower, so that their only means of escape is by way of the column and pollen masses, or pollinia. By this means, pollen is carried from flower to flower, and fertilisation assured. The labellum in the fantastic 'bearded' Greenhood (*P. barbata*) has an exquisitely delicate fringed beard, tipped by a knob of reddish-brown. In some cases, the petals and sepals are curiously modified, as if Nature had tried an experiment in the weird and the uncommon.—THE HELMET ORCHIDS. Not less remarkable are many of the Helmet Orchids (*Corysanthes*). The Helmet Orchids are small flowers, generally lovers of the damp soil of the great fern gullies, and they are of beautiful, though often not bright, colouring. The 'Two-spurred' Helmet Orchid (*C. bicalcarata*) is by no means common. It has been recorded only from one small locality in Victoria—namely, at

[Continued below on left.]



3. THE "MOSQUITO" ORCHID (*Acianthus exsertus*): WITH FLOWERS LIKE MOSQUITOES CLINGING TO THE STEM.



4. THE "TWO-SPURRED" HELMET ORCHID (*CORYSANTHUS BICALCARATA*): AN UNCOMMON TYPE "LOOKING LIKE A TINY SNAIL OR HELMETED HEAD, SHYLY DOWNCAST!"



5. ONE OF THE MOST SPLENDID OF THE GREENHOOD GROUP: *PTEROSTYLIS CUCULLATA*—"NOT GAILY COLOURED," BUT HAVING "A SMALL COWL-LIKE HOOD."



7. WITH LONG APPENDAGES AND A SEMI-TRANSPARENT HOOD: AN ORCHID WHOSE SENSITIVE LABELLUM CLOSES ON A FLY.

6. LIKE A WILD DUCK ON THE WING: THE "FLYING DUCK" ORCHID (*CALEYANA MAJOR*)—ITS LABELLUM ON A "SPRING."



8. THE "OLD MAN" OF THE GROUP, WITH A LONG SLENDER FRINGED "BEARD": THE STRANGE BEARDED GREENHOOD (*PTEROSTYLIS BARBATA*), A REMARKABLE ORCHID.



9. CURVED LIKE A REAPING-HOOK: THE SPLENDID "SICKLE" GREENHOOD (*PTEROSTYLIS FALCATA*), A HOT-WEATHER ORCHID FLOWERING IN THE SWAMPS.

[Continued.] Healesville, near Melbourne—but is found also in other parts of Eastern Australia. Each of the Helmet Orchids looks for all the world like a tiny snail, or a little helmeted head, shyly downcast! *C. pruinosa* is abundant in the fern gullies of Eastern Australia. It is one of the loveliest of orchids, and frequently grows on the trunks of tree-ferns, the tiny reddish helmets presenting a striking contrast to the vivid green mess with which the tall trunk of the tree-fern is covered.—ANIMAL ORCHIDS. Many of

[Continued opposite.]

[Continued.] the other orchids have derived their popular names from their resemblance—real or fancied—to animals. Among these are the very dainty and beautiful little 'Duck' Orchid (*Caleyana major*), which is said to resemble a diminutive wild duck in flight; the pretty 'Mosquito' Orchid (*Acianthus exsertus*); and the 'Bird' Orchids, to mention only a few. They may not be as gay as the gems of tropic forests, but there is a fascination in orchid-hunting in the dense gullies that one cannot resist—in the shadow of great tree-ferns, where the lyre-bird builds her nest." The "fly-trap" orchid which is illustrated in photograph No. 7 is described as "a very beautiful Greenhood from the Mallee country of Victoria."



# RELICS OF SUMER'S FIRST CAPITAL AFTER THE FLOOD: DISCOVERIES AT KISH.

CHARIOTS AND OXEN OF 3500 B.C.;  
AND A WOMAN'S SPLENDID JEWELS.

BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR S. LANGDON, DIRECTOR OF THE OXFORD-FIELD  
MUSEUM EXPEDITION.

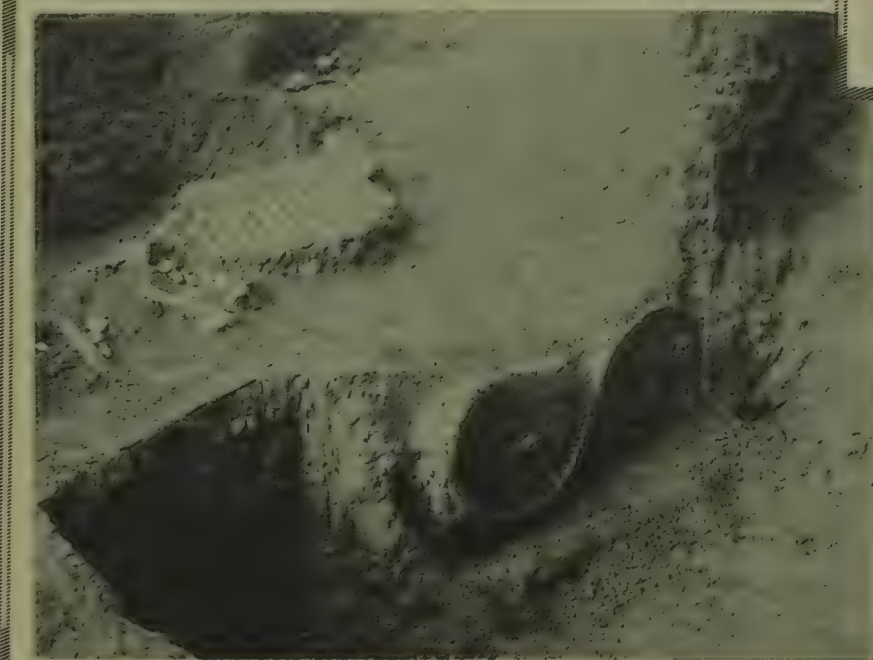


ONE OF FOUR CYLINDER SEALS FOUND IN GRAVES OF  
THE RED EARTH LEVEL AT KISH: A BEAUTIFUL PIECE  
OF WORK DATING FROM ABOUT 3000 B.C.



SHOWING A DEEP TRENCH  
WHERE CHARIOTS WERE  
FOUND: THE SITE AT KISH,  
WITH A LATE TEMPLE  
BUILT BY NEBUCHADNEZZAR  
IN BACKGROUND.

A COPPER REIN-GUIDE FOUND  
FIXED TO THE END OF A  
CHARIOT-POLE OF ABOUT  
3500 B.C., SURMOUNTED  
BY A FIGURE OF AN ASS.



A FOUR-WHEELED CHARIOT 25 FT. BELOW PLAIN LEVEL IN TEMPLE RUINS  
AT KISH: WHEELS 2 FT. IN DIAMETER WITH COPPER FELLOES NAILED TO  
THE WOOD.—(ON LEFT) THE SKELETON OF ONE OF ITS DRAUGHT OXEN.



NEARLY 6000 YEARS OLD: STONE BOWLS FOUND AT KISH IN A TOMB OF PLANO-CONVEX BRICKS.  
25 FT. BELOW PLAIN LEVEL, AND DATING FROM A PERIOD BEFORE 4000 B.C.



JEWELLERY FROM A WOMAN'S GRAVE IN THE RED EARTH STRATUM: A LAPIS  
AND GOLD BANGLE, BRONZE PINS, SILVER RINGS, ONYX DROPS ON A GOLD  
HOOP, SMALL GOLD RINGS, AND AN IMPRESSION OF A LAPIS CYLINDER SEAL.

Describing the sixth season's work of the Oxford-Field Museum Expedition at Kish, Professor S. Langdon writes (in the "Times"): "The excavators first exposed the ruins of the temple of the Sargonic period, *circa* 2700 B.C., to a depth of 25 ft., after which they came upon a sterile stratum 7 ft. thick, reaching a continuous red earth stratum 5 ft. thick, which represents the Sumerian temenos platform on which the great temples were placed about 3000 B.C. In this red layer . . . was found a magnificent mat burial of a woman, with solid gold fillet about her head, gold, silver, and copper ornaments, and a beautiful lapis lazuli seal. Beneath this level the entire area was excavated to a depth of 25 ft. below plain level, and the excavators came upon a long series of brick-vaulted tombs made of small plano-convex bricks . . . just above the virgin soil of the time when this city, said to have been the first capital of Sumer after the Flood, was founded. Stone bowls and spouted painted pots characterise this cemetery. In two of the tombs were found four-wheeled and two-wheeled chariots with the bodies of four oxen which drew them. The oxen were slain to accompany the owner to the lower world, and apparently his servants perished with him. . . . We have reached here a period clearly 1000 years earlier than the oldest Sumerian inscriptions which can be translated. . . . The age to which the vaulted brick tombs belong is to be dated before 4000 B.C. . . . The ruins of this most ancient capital are enormous, and are continuous from 30 ft. below plain level to the age of Nebuchadnezzar and Darius."



## FAMOUS VICTORIAN PICTURES WITH LIVING "SITTERS."



"THE  
BELOVED,"  
BY ROSSETTI :  
(IN FRONT)  
HON. A. HORE-  
RUTHVEN, MISS  
GWEN LE BAS,  
HON. M. HORE-  
RUTHVEN ;  
(BEHIND)  
LADY LAVERY  
(LEFT) AND  
COUNTESS OF  
CARLISLE.



"MRS. LEONARD COLLMAN," BY ALFRED  
STEVENS : THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE  
AS MRS. COLLMAN.

## THE EMPIRE DAY BALL TABLEAUX VIVANTS.



"THE LAST  
OF ENGLAND,"  
BY FORD  
MADOX  
BROWN :  
LADY  
MORVYTH  
BENSON AND  
MR.  
VALENTINE  
WHITTAKER  
IMPERSON-  
ATING THE  
VOYAGERS



"THE AN-  
NUNCIATION,"  
BY DANTE  
GABRIEL  
ROSSETTI :  
MR. B. ALGAR  
AND THE  
HON. MRS.  
ALEXANDER  
CARNEGIE.



"LADY WITH DOVE," BY JOHN BRETT :  
MRS. STEPHEN COURTAULD IN THE  
LIVING PICTURE.



"THE FIRST  
EAR-RING,"  
BY SIR DAVID  
WILKIE :  
(LEFT TO  
RIGHT)  
LADY  
ANSTRUTHER,  
LADY PAMELA  
SMITH,  
AND  
COUNTESS  
RABEN.



"BEATA  
BEATRIX,"  
BY  
ROSSETTI  
(A  
PORTRAIT  
OF HIS  
WIFE) :  
MRS. HENRY  
MOND  
AS A  
FAMOUS  
PRE-  
RAPHAEL-  
ITE  
HEROINE.



"SIDONIA VON BORCK," BY SIR EDWARD  
BURNE-JONES : MRS. ROBIN D'ERLANGER  
AS THE SITTER.



"MUNNA  
VANNA,"  
BY  
ROSSETTI :  
LADY  
WARREN-  
DER IN THE  
TABLEAU  
VIVANT  
VERSION OF  
THE  
PICTURE.

At the Empire Day Ball held on May 24 at the May Fair Hotel, in aid of University College Hospital, and attended by the Duke and Duchess of York and Prince George, the feature of the evening was a set of beautiful *tableaux vivants* entitled "A Famous Picture Gallery," comprising well-known works by the Pre-Raphaelites. The tableaux were under the direction of Lady George Cholmondeley, assisted by Lady Lavery and Mr. Ernest Thesiger. Lady Lavery was to have figured in Rossetti's "Annunciation," but at the last moment she

gave place to the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Carnegie. The Countess of Carlisle was chairman of the organising committee of the ball, which was a great success, all the tickets being sold. As our photographs show, the "living pictures" were admirably done and extremely effective. It is interesting to compare them with the other instances of the modern impersonation of old pictures illustrated on the opposite page, where living children are seen representing portraits of their own ancestors in youth.



# LIVING CHILDREN IMPERSONATING THEIR ANCESTORS: TABLEAUX VIVANTS OF 18TH CENTURY FAMILY PORTRAITS.

Portrait Studies by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

A series of *Tableaux Vivants* of exceptional interest was organised, by the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare, for the matinée show arranged for May 31 in aid of the Princess Elizabeth Hostel. The living pictures represented portraits of well-known eighteenth-century people in youth, by celebrated painters of that period, and the children appearing in the *tableaux* were all descendants of the original sitters. Here we illustrate four striking groups of examples.



"LORD TALBOT AND HIS BROTHER," BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN: (ON LEFT) THE ORIGINAL PICTURE; (ON RIGHT) THE *TABLEAU VIVANT* WITH LADY AUDREY TALBOT AS HER GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER (LORD TALBOT) AND HER STEP-BROTHER, MASTER "KIM" PENNOYER, AS LORD TALBOT'S BROTHER.



"LADY CATHERINE PELHAM-CLINTON," AFTERWARDS FIRST WIFE OF THE THIRD EARL OF RADNOR: (ON LEFT) THE PICTURE ("GIRL AND CHICKENS") BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS; (RIGHT) THE *TABLEAU*, WITH MISS JULIAN PETHERICK, GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE THIRD EARL, AS LADY CATHERINE.



"THE CAVENDISH CHILDREN," BY HOPPNER: (ON LEFT) THE ORIGINAL PICTURE; (ON RIGHT) THE *TABLEAU VIVANT* WITH LORD ANDREW CAVENDISH, MISS CAROL MACMILLAN AND MASTER MAURICE MACMILLAN, AS THEIR GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER AND GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-UNCLE AND AUNT.



"MISS MARGARET CAVENDISH-HARLEY," BY MICHAEL DAHL: (ABOVE) THE ORIGINAL PICTURE; (BELOW) THE *TABLEAU VIVANT* WITH LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH-BENTINCK AS HER GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRAND-AUNT.

In these *tableaux vivants* Lady Audrey Talbot, the second sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, represented her own great-great-great-grandfather, Lord Talbot, as painted by Raeburn, while Lord Talbot's brother was impersonated by her step-brother, Master "Kim" Pennoyer, son of Lady Winifred Pennoyer and Mr. R. E. Pennoyer. Miss Julian Petherick is a daughter of Lady Jeane Petherick, wife of Captain George Gerald Petherick, and daughter of the present (sixth) Earl of Radnor. Miss Julian Petherick is thus the great-great-great-granddaughter of the third Earl, who married (as his first wife) Lady Catherine

Pelham-Clinton.—Lord Andrew Cavendish, younger son of the Marquess of Hartington, and grandson of the Duke of Devonshire, and Master Maurice and Miss Carol Macmillan, son and elder daughter of Lady Dorothy and Captain Harold Macmillan, appeared as their own ancestors, as painted by Hoppner in "The Cavendish Children."—Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield, and granddaughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, represented her own great-great-great-grand-aunt, the Hon. Margaret Cavendish-Harley, afterwards second Duchess of Portland, as painted by Michael Dahl.



# DIGBY IN WONDERLAND.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"TIGERS, GOLD, AND WITCH-DOCTORS." By BASSETT DIGBY.\*

(PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD.)

"I AM going to tell you about the biggest tigers in the world, and gold that vanishes, and witch-doctors who dance in a frenzy at the dead of night, wearing a robe decorated with fifty pounds of old iron.

"About the ways of wolves and how to make bears run away. About the deepest lake on earth and fish that are burned in lamps. About caravan ruts that were made in the prairie four hundred years ago, the search for the tusks of great hairy mammoths, trees only three inches high, the tsar who became a tramp, Arctic natives who came from Turkey and smoke pipes of ivory a quarter of a million years old, a train that completely disappeared, how to ride reindeer, bushes that must not be passed until one tears off and ties on their branches a rag from one's shirt; and other things that I found out in the course of my wanderings in Siberia."

Thus our author—who is neither Munchausen nor Tartarin—waxing eloquent and enthusiastic as memories of his travels jazz in his brain and demand to be broadcast. Brave promises, and promises unbroken—even unto the riding of the reindeer: you must straddle yourself right over the forelegs or he will sit down, "like a Christian," directly you have mounted him! Even to the three-inch trees; and, sometimes, one better, for the dwarf willows of the furthest north may be but two inches high as they "squirm about among the tufts of coarse grass and herbage of the tundra, like trailing sprays of creeping jenny." Even to Yakuts "using many words that are practically Turkish"; to Indians of the Arctic drawing happiness from bowls of mammoth-ivory lined with iron beaten thin; to the broad-wheeled track of a cart that travelled when Muscovy and Peking were exchanging wares in the long ago; and to the *golomyanka* which are cast ashore from Baikal, liquefy with most convenient alacrity, and yield light for oil-burners.

Which reminds us that Baikal, the huge inland sea of Siberia, is "the deepest fresh-water hole in the world"—as to how deep the authorities agree to differ: the estimates vary from the 3185 feet of Hawes to the 4922 feet of Nansen, the 4500 of Stanford, the "over 6500 feet in places" of Baedeker, and contradictory, caution-compelling fathoms and metres of numerous others. And there are opinions quite as opposed in the calculations of area: from Julius Price's 12,441 square miles to the 14,000 square miles of Lansdell and the "more than 20,000 square miles" of E. J. Harrison. After that is it matter for surprise that the waters of Baikal have their race of seals? "The seal does not belong in any sort of fresh-water environment. Particularly does he not belong in the middle of a great continent, some three thousand miles up-stream from the sea." Yet, there he is, providing meat, clothing, a leather-softener, and furs for the adornment of Chinese officials—old style!

From near Baikal, also, comes the tale of the lost train; from an hour's journey west, to be precise. It was during the Russo-Japanese War: "Champagne came out in sealed ammunition-cars. Such cars, right up to the time of the recent World War, had a nice little coloured painting on each side, of a bursting shell—flame, smoke, and all—to deter the illiterate soldiery from treating them roughly. Near Irkutsk . . . an entire train was lost. . . . It was given the 'all clear' by a signal-box one night and told to proceed and wait on a siding until morning. But when morning came it had vanished. The next signal-box vowed that it had not seen it. What had happened was that the locomotive was run on a few miles and diverted, by a few feet of specially laid rails, into a deep hole in the river. The 'ammunition' cars were drawn by horses into the thick of the jumbled scores of sidings in a park of empty rolling-stock awaiting return to Russia and their identification marks changed." Some had their fill of "fizz"!

That was not very many days' trek from where, says the writer, "the bodies of the winter victims of wayside assassins are nicknamed 'snow flowers,' because they become visible as soon as the spring sunshine melts the drifts."

So 'ware the *brodyag*, the tramp who kills for new boots or a warm coat. He is as much to be dreaded as the wolf, the bear, or "stripes." Wolves, at least, are true to regions; and bears may be scared. This is the way of it—even the "Sunday-Hat" bear, the "bag" worthy of being photographed beside a slayer clad in his best, will succumb! "If you meet a bear who shows no inclination to turn tail and run, the thing to do, you are told, is to strip off your clothes and dance, stark naked, with verve and vim. That is really very sound common sense. The bear is a simple soul and profoundly suspicious. The sudden change from a sedately walking dark suit of clothes to a prancing, cavorting White Bogey, all arms and legs like some giant albino spider, strikes Bruin as uncanny, and off he lumbers, with badly jarred nerves."

But tigers: they are another story. Tempt them not! "Up here, in eastern Siberia . . . are the

Manchuria object to . . . is the practice of stowing stolen gold inside the corpses of Chinese residents of Siberia that are sent back for burial among the remains of their ancestors."

Witch-doctors, also; the powerful *Shamans* of Indians who, thanks to their arts, "feel themselves perpetually surrounded and interfered with by invisible beings all their life"—witch-doctors who hypnotise and ventriloquise and conjure, cajole and threaten, work on fancy and on fear, drum and sacrifice—and dance!

"The witch-doctor's ceremonial attire usually consists of a leather smock or robe, a queer cap, and a mask. . . . On the robe are stitched large numbers of discs and strips of iron, which have to be made by a specially approved blacksmith. . . . The witch-doctor dances in the red glow of the embers on the hearth of the hut with sometimes nearly half a hundredweight of jingling bits of iron and bells slung from his shoulders. He may carry an iron 'cane' or two, the tops of which are carved like a horse's head, the middle like a horse's knee-joint, and the bottom like a hoof, with model stirrups and little bells tied here and there. These symbolise the horse on which he rides up into the spirit worlds during the midnight séance."

Noisy and noisome personages, these; and well-nigh as troublesome when buried as when in practice. "Soon after a witch-doctor dies, one of his friends falls into a trance—struck by an invisible thunderbolt launched by the gods—and when he recovers he announces that the dead priest's spirit has revealed to him the spot in which it wishes to rest. The body is burned and the ashes placed in a hole cut in one of the largest trees in the appointed part of the forest. Thenceforth the spot is holy. These sacred groves are held in the greatest reverence. . . . When a Buriat passes by he dismounts and sprinkles on the ground, nearby, a few drops of *tarasun*, or a few shreds of tobacco, thus standing treat in case the god or the spirit of the witch-doctor may care to drink or to smoke."

Nor does tribute end there. *Ongons*—"charm" links with the unseen and, possibly, predecessors of the ikon—demand attention; ceremonial hearths; *obis*, or sacrificial altars; and sacred bushes. "Now to find these decorated bushes and branches was extremely interesting. Here were Mongols and Buriats doing just what orthodox British Christian peasants have been doing, on visiting certain 'holy wells' as far apart as the Highlands of Scotland and the moors of Cornwall, until within the memory of living man. . . . The spirits of St. Madern's well, in Cornwall, were always propitiated by offerings of pins and pebbles, which were tossed in and around it. A few decades ago, pins thus sacrificed (as the Buriats here were sacrificing half kopecks, rags, lumps of sugar, and so forth) could be collected by the handful around most Cornish wells. . . . And there were these *holy bushes* of the Buriat steppes in Britain, too, until less than a century ago. Ragwell, near Newcastle, got its name from the quantity of rags tied on the adjacent bushes as offerings."

So the stories run, equalled by those of bird's-nest socks; swallows that build indoors; the white wooden elephant honoured by *lamas*; Troitskosavsk Cathedral—with solid silver, two-hundred-pound doors, altar of gold, platinum, and silver, and chandeliers studded with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds—in the neighbourhood of ramshackle hotels; capped by that of the Tsar Alexander I., who, according to Mr. Digby, lived as a tramp in a little log cottage long after he had "died" by arrangement, "tired of his job" and content to be the wandering, simple peasant, "Theodore Kuzmiltch, who drew his last breath in poverty and exile in 1864." "When, last year," it is said, "the Bolshevik Government opened the coffins of several of the tsars and tsaritsas, in the imperial mausoleum in the fortress of Peter and Paul, at Leningrad, they found that that of the 'hermit tsar' was empty, with its seals intact!"

Thus does an author redeem his pledges; and pay, in addition, interest at which not even the most rapacious of Shylocks could cavil.

"Tigers, Gold, and Witch-Doctors"—adventures in Siberia and in Mongolia—is every bit as alluring as its title suggests. And it should be added that its manner is as entertaining as its matter is remarkable and provocative. Truly, Digby has been in Wonderland, and Wells and Beebe will again be pleased.

E. H. G.



LINKS BETWEEN INDIANS AND THE SPIRIT WORLDS: WITCH-DOCTORS.

The first photograph is of a Tungus witch-doctor; the second, of a Yakut. The fourth shows a Siberian witch-doctor.

Reproductions from "Tigers, Gold, and Witch-Doctors," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. John Lane, The Bodley Head.

biggest tigers in the world. They reach a length of fourteen feet, more than twice the length of a tall man—but that includes, of course, the tail. You don't sit on the top of the highest elephant you can find, accompanied by a gang of similarly exalted friends, when you go out after them. You just walk, following their spoor, in the snow or the marshy ground. The Siberian tiger, too, has a way of following spoor—yours."

So to the other marvels of the Chapter I. of predicted possibilities. Of the mammoths little need be noted here, save that a pair of the tusks of the great beasts may weigh nearly a quarter of a ton, and that the Samoyedes, Tunguses, and Yakuts who collect them after they have been disclosed by the falling of prehistoric frozen mud find it exceedingly perilous and difficult to get them to the Russian traders, who insist on the complete article, not handleable sections.

The slippery gold calls for greater account. There is much of it found in Siberia, but a deal of it does not stay there. "For decades the bulk of Siberian gold has been smuggled into China," declared a report; and we have Mr. Digby writing: "What the custom-house officials at the northern ports of

\* "Tigers, Gold, and Witch-Doctors." By Bassett Digby, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (John Lane, The Bodley Head; Ltd. 12s. 6d. net.)



## A DIRIGIBLE LANDS ON A LINER AND PICKS UP A PASSENGER AND MAILS.



THE AIRSHIP LANDED ON THE LINER: THE CREW OF THE "BLIMP" TRANSFERRING FROM THE AIRSHIP TO THE LANDING-PLATFORM, PREPARATORY TO TAKING MAILS AND A PASSENGER ABOARD.

THE U.S. ARMY "BLIMP" APPROACHING THE MOVING LINER: THE "T.C.5" SAILING TOWARDS THE LANDING-PLATFORM SPECIALLY BUILT ON THE AFTER-DECK OF THE "AMERICAN TRADER."



THE LANDING-CREW MOORING THE DIRIGIBLE AS SHE LANDED ON THE SPECIAL PLATFORM OF THE LINER, THREE MILES OFF AMBROSE LIGHT: AN EXPERIMENT SHOWING THAT IT MAY BE POSSIBLE TO SHORTEN CERTAIN OCEAN PASSAGES BY FROM TWELVE TO TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.



In view of the statement made a day or two ago that a forty-eight-hour passenger service by railway and aeroplane is to be established between New York and Los Angeles, which are 3064 miles apart, it is additionally interesting to see these pictures of another endeavour to shorten the passage-time between points by the aid of aircraft. In the instance illustrated, which was reported on May 11, the United States Army "blimp," the "T.C.5," alighted on the deck of a liner at sea, picked up a passenger and mails from the steamer, and then returned to the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, New Jersey. The dirigible overtook the liner, which was the "American Trader," as the latter was steaming at 6 knots, three miles off the Ambrose Light, which is two hours out of New York. There

was a fifteen-mile-an-hour breeze at the time. Passing over a 20-ft. by 30-ft. platform which had been erected on the after-deck of the steamer, the "T.C.5" trailed a rope. This was caught by a crew of twenty-one soldiers, and the airship was brought down with remarkable ease. The passenger and mails were then transferred. As a result of the experiment, it was demonstrated that it may be possible to shorten certain ocean passages by from twelve to twenty-four hours; obviously a distinct benefit in the case of certain "rush" passengers and mails. Our readers may recall that the U.S. Transatlantic airship "Los Angeles" (formerly the German "Z.R.") landed on the aeroplane-carrier "Saratoga" on January 27 last, refuelled and re-watered, and disembarked passengers.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"THE ROAD TO ROME."—A NEW KING LEAR.—FAIR PLAY FOR THE THEATRE.

THAT so little is known, even to students, of Hannibal's character—of his mode of life, his loves and hates, his personal idiosyncrasies—is an asset, from the point of view of creative stage-craft, of which Mr. Sherwood, in his remarkable play, "The Road to Rome," has not been slow to see the value. Taking advantage of the fact that very few of his audience know more about Hannibal than that he once—in some remote period before Christ—made a somewhat flamboyant journey across the Alps to attack Rome, he has worked out his own private elucidation of the mystery which has puzzled students of military strategy all down the ages. Why was it that, after four years of incredible toil, of scorching heat and glacial cold, of sacrifice of men's lives on an enormous scale, of laborious struggle that became torment between the strangling hands of disease and death, Hannibal, having reached the gates of his objective, flung, as it were, his javelin in the face of Rome and—rode away?

"*Cherchez la femme*," says Mr. Sherwood—a little tritely perhaps—and proceeds to call into being the entirely fictitious Amytis, Greek wife of Fabius Maximus, Dictator of Rome under the then equivalent of the Defence of the Realm Act.

We note that the author, in his preface, has himself forestalled inevitable criticism. For here are the stereotyped figures of the popular "problem" play—the misunderstood, childless wife; the self-complacent, ineffective husband; the doting mother, jealous of the younger woman's wifehood; the *blasé* yet immature officer brother, "out to kill." Yet Mr. Sherwood has put them there quite deliberately and with *malice prépendue*, his avowed object being the creation of a commonplace background to his story. For the same reason he employs modern, even colloquial, language, which sometimes descends to the depths—or rises to the heights, if you will—of American slang. Against this familiar comedy background the two chief characters move as living entities among a crowd of ghosts. The others, indeed, are true to type; these two are true to themselves.

And so, when the news comes that from the battle-ments can be seen the smoke of Hannibal's camp-fires, new-lit against the gates of Rome, Amytis, listening to the babble of discussion among the senators and officers, the frenzied talk that ends in talk, announces her intention of leaving the doomed city and taking refuge with her mother. With her senses a-throb to the pulsing of the Carthaginian war-drums, with all the complexes of her feminine soul roused to sudden and acute significance by the flying rumours of the "he-man" at the gates—"There is no smoke without fire," says she, and, donning the jade silk dress purchased that morning from a stranger merchant from Antioch, and with a new nightgown of Phœnician gossamer tucked tenderly into the equivalent of her suitcase, goes off to burn her fingers in the flames. Then, having been arrested by the Carthaginian sentries as a spy, she is brought to Hannibal's tent. So far her plan had worked well; but, condemned to death, and throwing herself on Hannibal's mercy, she finds to her discomfiture that she is dealing with a soldier—not a man.

It is in this scene that one sometimes wonders whether the author is writing with his tongue in his

cheek, his eye on the box-office, or with his pen dipped in the liquid gold of inspiration. There are passages which are deeply moving by reason of their simple handling of great problems—the wantonness of war, the yellow-white bones of men dead among the Alpine snows, the human equation—a queer, but strikingly effective treatment of the tragi-comedy which is life. And how vivid are these two—the man at the pinnacle of his ambition, the woman with the greedy hands of imminent death at her throat—matching wit against wit, courage against courage, as they play out the scene to its theatrically inevitable end. And when this comes, with Amytis in the arms of Hannibal, his discarded sword, but now upraised to kill, flung on the ground between them, we watch the descending curtain with a feeling that it is indeed a blind lowered by sympathetic hands across a window in the house of life itself.

Apart from its distinction as a comedy, "The Road to Rome" has unusual qualities of thought and observation. Our appreciative laughter at the virile, brilliant, daring dialogue is often checked to a reflective smile; our breath is caught by a poignant human

the human chord in his hearers. Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson was a wholly sympathetic, almost too juvenile Cordelia; I could imagine a more robust, a more racial Cordelia, but none more affecting in her youthful sincerity. Miss Grace Allardyce was an imposing Goneril, hard as steel and as glittering in her towering ambition. Mr. Horace Sequeira was a splendid Gloucester, and Mr. Eric Portman's Edmund was Iagoesque in his insinuating, self-centred, flamboyant portrayal of the bastard.

Whenever a theatrical week is bad—that is to say, when the plays fall below standard, or when they are strangled at birth, as has occurred recently in a surprisingly disastrous manner—a section of the Press cries out: "Slump in the theatres!"—and that does incalculable mischief. The theatre, in all conscience, has trouble enough to keep its head above water, without being harassed further by false alarms. What with high rents, salaries, the daily growing octopus of the cinema, the flood of cheap motors on the hire system, the call of the country, and (when it comes) the rise of temperature, the lot of a theatrical manager is, like

the policeman's, not a happy one. And these outcries tend to make matters worse. For the public, when it is told that business is bad, is only too prone to listen to the Jonahs and to hold aloof.

To put it plainly, it is not true that there is a general slump in the World of the Theatre—there is only a slump in those theatres where bad plays, indifferent plays, or plays not worth the money are produced, when the playgoer, especially of the family circle, pit, and gallery can, at the cinema, enjoy a good evening's entertainment (from their more or less unsophisticated point of view) for a tithe of the theatre prices.

Running my eye along the list of the London theatres—forty-two, all told—I could name at least ten, from Drury Lane (where business is phenomenal) to the Queen's, Adelphi, and Daly's, playing night after night, except perhaps on Mondays, to capacity; and another ten where the receipts are sufficient to cover the cost, with a fair profit into the bargain. And this is not only my own observation or rumour in theatrical centres, but substantiated by those whose business it is to sell seats either at the box-office or from agencies. It comes, therefore, to fifty-fifty—fifty per cent. prosperity and fifty per cent. loss—I should say the fair average of London results year in, year

out, except during the short spells when, for some strange reason or other, the public for a brief period shows an unexpected *penchant* for playgoing. Another indication that there is no slump is the incessant demand for theatres. There is no empty house in London at present, and, despite the numerous failures, no sooner is a bad play wiped off than there is another applicant for immediate possession. You may say that that is the way of the moth and the candle; but could not this be answered by the cogent reply of demand and supply? If there were no public there would be no tenants. Anyway, the lamentations and exaggerations of "Slump!" make ill winds that do nobody any good, and only tend to discourage the few real managers who are left from trying good work for fear that, in face of the apathy and prejudice credited by the croakers, any new venture would spell ruin from the start.



THE NATIVITY PLAY IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: BEAUTIFUL COSTUME DESIGNS BY MR. CHARLES RICKETTS FOR CHARACTERS IN "THE COMING OF CHRIST"—(1) THE HOLY CHILD; (2) THE ANGEL OF MYRRH; (3) THREE ANGELS (THE MERCY, THE POWER, AND THE LIGHT).

Mr. Charles Ricketts, A.R.A., who has a house near Canterbury, designed a set of beautiful costumes for Mr. John Masefield's Nativity play, "The Coming of Christ," which was given for the first time in Canterbury Cathedral at Whitsuntide. The music was composed by Mr. Gustav Holst. All the parts were taken by Canterbury people, and the costumes were made at home by ladies of the neighbourhood. Among the most effective designs were those for the subsidiary chorus of knights, stately figures in long coats of armour carrying tall lances. Two of the performers were Guardsmen—both Canterbury men. Our readers will recall that we recently illustrated in colour Mr. Ricketts's designs for costumes and settings in Wagnerian opera.

By Courtesy of the Artist. (Copyright Reserved.) (See Illustrations opposite.)

note. The exquisite playing of Miss Isabel Jeans as Amytis, the impressive fervency of Mr. Philip Merivale as Hannibal, gave point and purpose to the play at every turn. The obvious enjoyment of the whole cast in making the most of the golden opportunity with which Mr. Sherwood had provided them was only equalled by that of the audience. "The Road to Rome" is a play to see, to laugh at, and—to think about.

"King Lear," with which the Old Vic will wind up its season in the first days of June, is truly a grand finale of the year's campaign, and Ernest Milton's creation will rank high in his record. Although the part at times seemed to overwhelm his physical force, it was finely and completely conceived. To summarise his interpretation in a few words, I would say his was a pitiable Lear, yet not a pitiful one. He vibrated



## A MYSTERY PLAY IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: SCENES FROM "THE COMING OF CHRIST."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY B. AND W. FISK-MOORE. BY PERMISSION OF THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.



ONE OF THE THREE KINGS (THE MAGI) WITH HIS OFFERING FOR THE HOLY CHILD: BALTHASAR.



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI: THE THREE KINGS, BALTHASAR, GASPAS, AND MELCHIOR, WITH THEIR KNIGHTS, BEFORE THE VIRGIN AND CHILD IN THE CLOSING SCENE OF THE MYSTERY PLAY.

THE ANGEL OF POWER  
APPEARING TO  
THE SHEPHERDS:  
AN APPARITION  
THAT INTERRUPTS  
THEIR  
TRADITIONALLY  
HUMOROUS TALK.



ST. PAUL AND ST. PETER (ON RIGHT, WITH HIS FISHING-NETS): SPIRITS THAT FORETELL IN HEAVEN THEIR PART IN THE WORLD OF MEN.



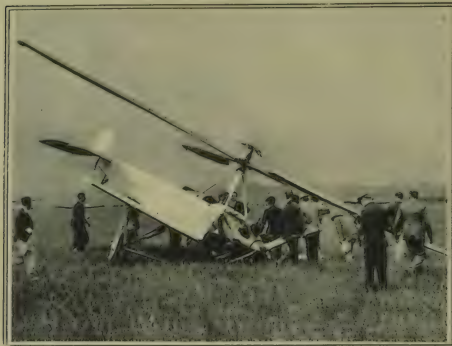
ANGELS ADORING THE HOLY CHILD WRAPPED IN SWADDLING CLOTHES: A SCENE IN THE PLAY THAT "BROUGHT ART, MUSIC, AND POETRY TO THE ALTAR."

Mr. John Masefield's beautiful mystery play, "The Coming of Christ," was performed twice in Canterbury Cathedral on Whit Monday, and it was arranged to give three more performances on the following day. There was no scenery. The play was accompanied by music specially composed by Mr. Gustav Holst, and the costumes had been designed by Mr. Charles Ricketts, A.R.A. Some of his designs are illustrated on the opposite page. The whole production was worthy of its sacred and historic setting, and made a deep impression on all who saw it. The play was written at the suggestion of the Dean of Canterbury, the Very Rev. K. A. Bell,

who described it as "a great act of worship" and "a dedication of the arts of poetry, music, and painting to the service of religion." He had not found a record of any such performance in the past actually in the Cathedral, though there had been many in neighbouring buildings. It was therefore an event of great significance in the history of Canterbury. The play opens in Heaven, where four angels—named the Power, the Sword, the Mercy, and the Light, commune with the Spirit of Christ concerning his incarnation. Next comes the entry of the Three Kings (the Magi) attended by mail-clad Knights. According to the tradition of mystery plays, the Shepherds are given a touch of topical comedy. One speaks as a discontented Cockney ex-Service man, while another has Bolshevist leanings. The latter is just denying the existence of God when they are dumbfounded by the appearance of the Angel. The play ends with the Adoration of the Magi and the Shepherds.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: THE MOST INTERESTING



AN "AUTOGIRO" MISHAP AT THE HAMBLE AIR PAGEANT: SEÑOR DE LA CIERVA'S "WINDMILL PLANE" DAMAGED ON LANDING.  
During the air pageant of the Hamble Aerodrome Club at Hamble, on May 28, Señor Juan de la Cierva gave demonstration flights in his two-seater "windmill plane," or autogiro. For most of the morning he was hovering over the ground beneath his revolving "windmill," and then descending vertically. Later, however, he had a mishap. Fortunately, the inventor and his passenger were not hurt.



WELBECK ABBEY AND GROUNDS DURING THE PREMIER'S SPEECH: AN AIR VIEW SHOWING HIS GREAT AUDIENCE AT THE CRICKET PAVILION.  
Mr. Baldwin spent the Whitstable weekend with the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck Abbey, and on Whit Monday addressed a huge mass meeting of some 70,000 people (the largest audience he has ever had) from the cricket pavilion in the grounds, on the Government's record and policy. The Welbeck gala is promoted by Conservative Associations in forty-three constituencies.



THE FIRST CENOTAPH CEREMONY EVER BROADCAST: THE BRITISH LEGION'S WREATH DEPOSITED BY THE DUKE OF YORK.  
The British Legion held its annual memorial parade in London on May 27, and the wreath in honour of fallen comrades was laid at the foot of the Cenotaph by the Duke of York. The religious service, conducted by the Dean of Westminster, was broadcast by the B.B.C.



AN IMPORTANT ADDITION TO THE GERMAN NAVY: THE LAUNCH OF THE NEW CRUISER "KÖLN," AT WILHELMSHAVEN.

The launch of the new German cruiser, "Köln," took place at Wilhelmshaven on Wednesday, May 23. The ship was launched by the widow of the German Frigate-Captain, Meißinger, who went down in the former "Köln" on August 26, 1914. The naming ceremony was performed by the Burgomaster of Cologne (Köln), Dr. Adenauer, made a speech on the occasion.



A BRITISH MOTOR-VEHICLE FOR CLEARING AFRICAN BUSH: A GUY MACHINE CUTTING THROUGH A THICK HEDGE AT WOLVERHAMPTON—INSERT THE CUTTING BLADES.  
Bush land in British East Africa is to be cleared with a specially equipped Guy six-wheeled vehicle, which has a V-shaped cutting device projecting from the front, and a winch gear at the rear for pulling down trees too big to cut. Recently a demonstration was given at the Guy Works, Wolverhampton, before Mr. Swynnerton, of Tanganyika, British East Africa, who is clearing a tract of bush infested with the tsetse fly.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK RECORDED IN ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE HAMBURG POISON GAS DISASTER: MEMBERS OF A CHEMICAL FACTORY, WEARING GAS-MASKS, GOING TO THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION.

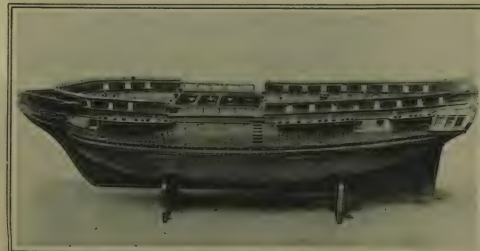
On May 20 a tank containing phosgene gas, at the Schlenker Chemical Works, Hamburg, exploded and filled the air with fumes, which passed through streets and out into open country, leaving a trail of gassed victims in their wake. The effects are said to have been felt six miles away. The first list of casualties was 7 dead and over 100 people in a critical condition. Later it was stated



THE SOURCE OF THE POISON-GAS THAT KILLED ELEVEN PEOPLE AT HAMBURG: THE EXPLODED TANK (NOW FULL OF WATER) SHOWING THE HOLE IN IT AND THE LID BLOWN OFF (ON LEFT).  
That 11 had died and 260 were under treatment for it was a feature of the effects that came at first slightly gradually became more serious. Troops with gas-masks and experts from Berlin had to be summoned. The question was raised whether the facts constituted an infringement of the Treaty of Versailles. The Minister for Economic Affairs said the gas was not intended for any military purpose.



THE CEREMONIAL OPENING, BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, OF THE NEW EASTERN EXTENSION OF THE KING EDWARD VII DOCK, IN THE AVONMOUTH DOCKS AT BRISTOL: THE R.M.S. "BAYANO," WITH THE PRINCE ON BOARD, CUTTING THE TAPE ACROSS THE ENTRANCE.  
The Prince of Wales visited Bristol on May 23 to open the new Eastern Extension of the King Edward VII Dock, at Avonmouth. He stood on the bridge of the R.M.S. "Bayano," a frigate which comes to Bristol regularly from the West Indies, as she entered the new dock, cutting a ribbon across the entrance. He wore for the first time the uniform of his new post as Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets.



FORMERLY OWNED BY CAPTAIN HARDY, IN WHOSE ARMS NELSON DIED: A HISTORIC SHIP MODEL IN THE AUCTION ROOM.

This model, included in a sale at Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's on June 1, probably represents R.M.S. "Glatton," a 56-gun ship, once an East Indiaman, which fought at Copenhagen. The model is 55-in. long, with 12-inch beam and 12-inch depth. It resembles somewhat that of the "Royal William" (recently sold for 3000 guineas), which interested the King.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Knight, Frank, and Rutley.]



A MEMORIAL AT DARTMOOR PRISON TO AMERICAN WAR PRISONERS OF 1813-15: A GATEWAY BUILT BY CONVICT LABOUR.  
This gateway has been erected by the National Society of United States Daughters of 1812, whose chairman, Mrs. Samuel Williams Earle, arranged to unveil it on May 30. It commemorates 218 American prisoners of war who died in Dartmoor Prison between 1813 and 1815.



A NEW MEMORIAL OF THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. JOAN AT ROUEN: MARSHAL PÉTAIN SPEAKING BESIDE THE STATUE NEAR THE SPOT WHERE SHE WAS BURNED.  
The new statue of Joan of Arc, by Raul de Sarie, recently exhibited in the Place de la Concorde in Paris, has since been set up in the Market Place at Rouen, where she was burnt at the stake. Marshal Pétain presided over ceremonies held in her honour at Rouen on May 27, and delivered an address beside the statue.



## GARDENS OF JAPAN: LANDSCAPES "TO BRING MAN CLOSER TO NATURE."

By COURTESY OF THE "STUDIO," LTD.



THE GARDEN OF MR. FUJITA'S VILLA IN KYOTO, EXECUTED BY OGAWA:  
A STYLE INTRODUCED SINCE THE RESTORATION OF 1868.



IN THE GARDEN OF THE KAMEIDO SHRINE AT TOKYO: PART OF THE  
LAKE, WITH A GRACEFUL BRIDGE IN A SEMI-CIRCULAR ARCH.



THE GARDEN OF MR. HIRAI'S VILLA IN KYOTO: A DELIGHTFUL LAKE EFFECT  
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY OGAWA.



"PERHAPS THE MOST STRIKING FEATURE IN THE GARDENS OF NIPPON IS A WELL-  
PLACED STONE LANTERN": THE GARDEN OF MR. OGATA'S HOME IN TOKYO.



THE GARDEN OF MR. INAHATA'S VILLA IN KYOTO, EXECUTED BY OGAWA:  
A CHARMING DESIGN OF WOODLAND LANDSCAPE WITH ROCKS, BOULDERS,  
AND RUNNING STREAM.

The gardener's art is in season just now, and, with the English examples at the Chelsea Flower Show in mind, it is interesting to compare the charming idiosyncrasies of the Japanese style. The whole spring number of our excellent contemporary the "Studio" is devoted to a fascinating account of the subject, entitled "The Gardens of Japan," by Jiro Harada, of the Imperial Household Museum at Tokyo, with numerous illustrations, some of which we reproduce above, and two in colour on the opposite page. A set of key drawings from the same source, showing typical details of Japanese garden schemes, appeared in our issue of May 19. The main principle is to create the effect of a landscape or panorama of a natural view, wherein pools, waterfalls, islands, hills and trees,

figure prominently. Japanese gardening, we learn, has been much influenced by the Zen sect of Buddhism, with its subjective teaching. "Zenism," writes Mr. Harada, "aims to bring man closer to Nature in the precincts of the garden, where one may see oneself in right proportion to the Infinite. Many a connoisseur, tea-master, and artist have taxed their resources to realise the ideal. Some reproduced in miniature famous scenes of China or Nippon. . . . We strive to be natural with our gardens. In them we emphasise the charm of restrained quality and of concealing beauty so that it may be discovered, giving that thrill of joy to the soul which comes from doing a good deed by stealth and to have it found out by accident."



# The Garden in Japanese Art: "Barometers" of National Prosperity.

REPRODUCED FROM "THE GARDENS OF JAPAN," BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, THE "STUDIO." THE "AZALEA TREE" ALSO BY COURTESY OF THE KOKKA PUBLISHING COMPANY.



"AN AZALEA TREE BY A BROOK": A PAINTING FROM A KAKEMONO BY KORIN (IN THE COLLECTION OF KAKUMA DAN, ESQ.).



AUTUMN IN "HUNDRED FLOWER" GARDEN AT MUKO-JIMA: A COLOUR-PRINT BY YOSHIDA HIROSHI.

"In the Far East," writes Mr. Jiro Harada, "the garden has been considered as the barometer of a nation's prosperity. Each epoch of peace and abundance in the annals of our country has produced gardens of great scale and beauty. Thus, in a way, it may be looked upon as a product of luxury. However, the material wealth alone, no matter how abundant it may be, cannot produce beautiful gardens. It requires something more. With us it has been a yearning for Nature that has helped to create them. . . . It has been so strong that the garden has come to constitute a necessity in

life, not so much for the physical as for the mental and spiritual. Our house to live in is not complete without its proper surrounding—without a garden for a setting to be looked upon from the rooms, the entire length of which may be thrown open to the outside view, or to have a swaying foliage silhouetted on its paper sliding screens. . . . Our people's intimacy with Nature is revealed on every hand. Their love of gardens is so strong that even a narrow passage-way is treated as a garden. Even a few inches of ground . . . are given up to grow a pine-tree or a clump of bamboo."





### HONOURING THE KING'S BIRTHDAY: TROOPING THE COLOUR ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE.

His Majesty the King was born on June 3, 1865; but his birthday is being celebrated on June 4 this year, in the customary manner. Our picture illustrates the picturesque ceremony of Trooping the Colour. His Majesty is seen crossing to the saluting-point; followed by the Prince of Wales, as Colonel of the Welsh Guards; the Duke of Connaught, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards; Prince Henry, and Viscount Lascelles. Behind these is a group of famous soldiers. At the ceremony on Monday, the Welsh Guards' Colour will be trooped. The Colour of each of the Guards regiments is trooped in turn; but it so happens that this

will be the first time the Welsh Guards' Colour has been trooped on the occasion, for the regiment was only formed in 1915, and since that date has now for the first time been stationed in London on the appropriate date. The Prince of Wales, who is Colonel of the Welsh Guards, will not march past with the troops this year, but will be at the saluting-base with the King. The above illustration, of course, does not represent this year's ceremony, but that of June 4 last year. The photograph appeared in our issue of June 11, 1927, in black and white, and is now given in colour as typical of this annual event.



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**TRIED FAVOURITES**  
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## THE WORLD OF WOMEN: A PAGE OF PERSONALITIES.



**THE QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN IN TURKEY WITH HER HUSBAND: HER MAJESTY AT ANGORA WITH KING AMANULLAH AND H.E. MUSTAFA KEMAL PASHA, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF TURKEY (CENTRE).**

The Turkish Republic was proclaimed on October 29, 1923. Ghazi Mustafa Kemal Pasha was then elected President, a position to which he was re-elected on November 1, 1927.



**DR. DOROTHY COCHRANE LOGAN.**

Appeared before the General Medical Council as a sequel to her conviction for making a false statutory statement about her "Channel swim." Her name is to remain on the Medical Register.



**THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.**

The Duchess, who employs an aeroplane regularly, will, it is rumoured, attempt a record-breaking flight to India and back, as the passenger of Captain C. D. Barnard. A start may be made from Croydon on June 1.



**MISS RUTH DRAPER IN HER COURT DRESS.**

Miss Ruth Draper, the famous entertainer, was presented at the third Court of this season. She is not, as has been stated, the first actress to be presented. She was presented by Mrs. Houghton, wife of the United States Ambassador.



**FRAULEIN CILLY AUSSEM, THE GERMAN LAWN-TENNIS "STAR," AND HER MOTHER.**

Fraulein Aussem will partner Miss Betty Nuthall in the ladies' doubles at the Wimbledon championships this year. She has been playing in the French Hard Courts championships, and playing very well.



**LADY DAVSON—ELECTED TO THE COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.**

Lady Davson, wife of Sir Edward Davson, is the first woman to be elected a Member of the Council of the Royal Colonial Institute (the Royal Empire Society of the future). She is a daughter of Mrs. Elinor Glyn.



**THE WEDDING OF MR. PIERS K. DEBENHAM AND MISS ANGELA PAGET, DAUGHTER OF LADY MURIEL PAGET: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.**

Mr. Debenham is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest R. Debenham, of 8, Addison Road, and Dorchester. The bride is the youngest daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Muriel Paget, of 1, Devonshire Terrace, and Cranmore Hall, Shepton Mallet.



**THE HON. LADY WARD, HOSTESS TO THE QUEEN ON DERBY NIGHT.**

Owing to the mourning for Lady Victoria Bullock, Lady Derby will not give her usual Derby dinner and ball this year. Instead, the Hon. Lady Ward, wife of Earl Dudley's eldest brother, will entertain her Majesty and other guests at Dudley House.



## ITALIAN ROYALTIES IMPERSONATING THEIR ANCESTORS: A HISTORIC PAGEANT.



THE DUKE OF APULIA (LEFT) AS KING VICTOR AMEDEO II., THE DUCHESS AS HIS QUEEN (ANNE OF FRANCE), AND PRINCE ADELBERTO OF SAVOY AS PRINCE EUGENIO OF SAVOY: LEADERS OF THE SECOND GROUP.



LADIES OF THE ITALIAN NOBILITY RIDING IN THE PROCESSION: SOME OF THE FIFTY-TWO TAKING PART IN A GREAT HISTORICAL PAGEANT OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY.



CELEBRATING THE QUATERCENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF DUKE EMANUELE FILIBERTO, RESTORER OF THE STATE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE IN THE STADIUM AT TURIN.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY (TOGETHER ON LEFT) IN THE ROYAL BOX: THEIR MAJESTIES WATCHING THE PAGEANT AT TURIN.



PRINCE FILIBERTO, DUKE OF PISTOIA, AS KING CARLO ALBERTO, AND THE DUCHESS BONA OF SAVOY-GENOA AS HIS QUEEN (MARIE THÉRÈSE): LEADERS OF THE THIRD GROUP IN THE PROCESSION.



THE CROWN PRINCE UMBERTO, PRINCE OF PIEDMONT, AS DUKE EMANUELE FILIBERTO, AND PRINCESS YOLANDA (COUNTESS CALVI DI BERGOLO) AS THE DUKE'S WIFE, MARGUERITE OF FRANCE: LEADERS OF THE FIRST GROUP.

In connection with the Exhibition recently opened by the King of Italy at Turin, there took place on May 27 a great historical pageant and tournament (*carosello*) representing the historic glories of the House of Savoy, and celebrating, in particular, the fourth centenary of the birth of Duke Emanuele Filiberto, who restored the fortunes of the House in the sixteenth century. Many members of the Italian Royal Family and nobility took part in the pageant, which was held in the open stadium before over 60,000 spectators, including the British Ambassador, Sir Ronald Graham. In the Royal Box were King Victor Emmanuel, Queen Elena, and Princesses Giovanna and Maria. The pageant represented three

salient periods in the history of the House of Savoy—those of (1) Duke Emanuele Filiberto; (2) King Victor Amedeo II., founder of the monarchy; (3) King Carlo Alberto, who declared the first war of Italian unity. The first group was headed by the Prince of Piedmont, heir to the throne, as the great Duke, with his sister, Princess Yolanda (Countess Calvi di Bergolo), as the Duke's wife, Marguerite of France. The second group was led by the Duke of Apulia (as Victor Amedeo II.) and the Duchess as his Queen. Leading the third group were the Duke of Pistoia (as Carlo Alberto), and the Duchess Bona of Savoy-Genoa as the King's wife, Marie Thérèse.



## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



**A GIFT TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT: A CHINESE JARDINIÈRE—KIEN-LUNG.**

This jardinière, which was shown at the Exhibition of Art Treasures at the Grafton Galleries, has been presented to the Nation by Messrs. H. Blairman and Sons, of 26b, King Street, St. James's. It is 16 inches high, and is of silver-gilt, overlaid with filigree work and enamel. The trunk and branches of the fruit-tree are gilt, and the leaves are enamelled. The fruit is of rose quartz. The dog is silver gilt; the rock, lapis lazuli; the lower bird, enamelled silver; and the "bushes" are of enamelled silver, with coral flowers.



**A FLOWER THAT AMUSED THE KING: THE "BABY-IN-THE-CRADLE" ORCHID.**  
(SPECIES: *ANGULOA CLOWESI*.)

When he was at the Flower Show recently, the King was much amused by this orchid grown by Mr. Harry Dixon, of Wandsworth Common. The flower is yellow, and, as is shown, suggests a cradle and a baby! A breeze will cause most realistic rocking of the "baby." Incidentally, his Majesty remarked that old-fashioned flowers are his favourites.



**THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE BRITISH LEGION, AT SCARBOROUGH: FIELD-MARSHAL FOCH PRESENTED WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE BOROUGH.**



**THE BRITISH LEGION CONFERENCE: THE PRINCE OF WALES AND LORD JELlicoe—THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE LEGION—MARCHING IN THE PROCESSION TO OLIVER'S MOUNT.**  
The first annual conference of the British Legion to be held out of London began at Scarborough on May 27. The Freedom of the Borough was presented to Field-Marshal Foch and to Lord Jellicoe, who has succeeded the late Lord Haig as President of the Legion. The Prince of Wales, who afterwards flew to Sandringham, attended. There was a most impressive service at the War Memorial on Oliver's Mount.



**A HOUSE ON FIRE SEEN FROM THE AIR: A CURIOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF A BUILDING WELL ALIGHT.**

We have published many photographs taken from the air and many photographs of fires; but never before a photograph that combines the two interests. The incident pictured is that of the burning of a partially constructed house on the Pacheson estate, which adjoins Leatherhead golf course. It may be added that it was impossible to save the structure.



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**SIR JOHN ELDON BANKES.**

Chairman of the Tribunal to inquire into the police interrogation of Miss Savidge. Retired last year from the Court of Appeal, of which he was the senior member.

**MR. H. B. LEES-SMITH, M.P.**

Member of the Savidge Inquiry Tribunal. M.P. (Labour) for the Keighley Division of Yorkshire, 1922-23, and since 1924. Well known as an economist. Educated for Army.

**MR. JOHN J. WITHERS, M.P.**

Member of the Savidge Inquiry Tribunal. M.P. (U.) for Cambridge University since 1926. A solicitor. Member of the Council of the Law Society. Made a C.B.E., 1918. Secretary, Alpine Club.

**MR. NORMAN BIRKETT, K.C.**

To represent the Police at the Savidge Inquiry. M.P. (Lib.) for Eastern Division of Nottingham, 1923-1924. Born 1883. Called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, 1913.

**GENERAL NOBILE.**

Commander of the Italian dirigible airship "Italia." His crew for his Polar Expedition consisted of fifteen Italians, including scientists; and his mascot dog.

**MR. E. J. ODELL.**

Died on May 26; aged 93. Called "The Last of the Bohemians." Formerly an actor, with Irving and in various other companies. Had long been a Charterhouse Brother.

**LORD BUCKLAND.**

Accidentally killed while riding. Formerly Mr. Henry Seymour Berry. For long associated with the late Lord Rhondda. Famous as business man and as philanthropist.

**THE RAJAH OF PUDUKKOTA.**

Died on May 28; aged 53. Had lived in voluntary exile since the British Government had announced that his son could not succeed, as he is not of pure Indian blood.

**DR. SERGE VORONOFF.**

Famous for his gland-grafting. Lectured before the Cambridge University Medical Society on May 23, speaking on rejuvenation. "Examples" were shown in pictures.

**SIR JAMES W. B. HODSDON.**

Died suddenly in the London-Edinburgh express on May 29. Distinguished Edinburgh surgeon. Aged 70. An ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons; Edinburgh.

**MR. J. BEAUMONT PEASE.**

The "veteran" of the Amateur Golf Championship. Born 1869. Beat Sir Ernest Holderness; but was defeated in the sixth round by R. H. Wethered. A well-known banker.

**MR. T. P. PERKINS.**

Winner of the Amateur Golf Championship. A Birmingham man; aged 23. Defeated Wethered in the final by 6 and 4. Played particularly well throughout.

**DR. A. R. MACCALLUM.**

A "hero" of the Amateur Golf Championship. Beat R. G. Chittenden, C. J. H. Tolley, J. A. Stout, D. Grant, and W. B. Torrance; but was beaten in the sixth round by W. Tulloch.



# THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: SKILL, PAGEANTRY, AND THE "FUN OF THE FAIR."



THE "TOY SOLDIERS" DRILL: BOYS FROM THE DUKE OF YORK'S MILITARY SCHOOL PERFORMING THEIR "CLOCK-WORK 'PLAYTHINGS'" EVOLUTIONS AT THE FORTY-FIFTH TOURNAMENT.



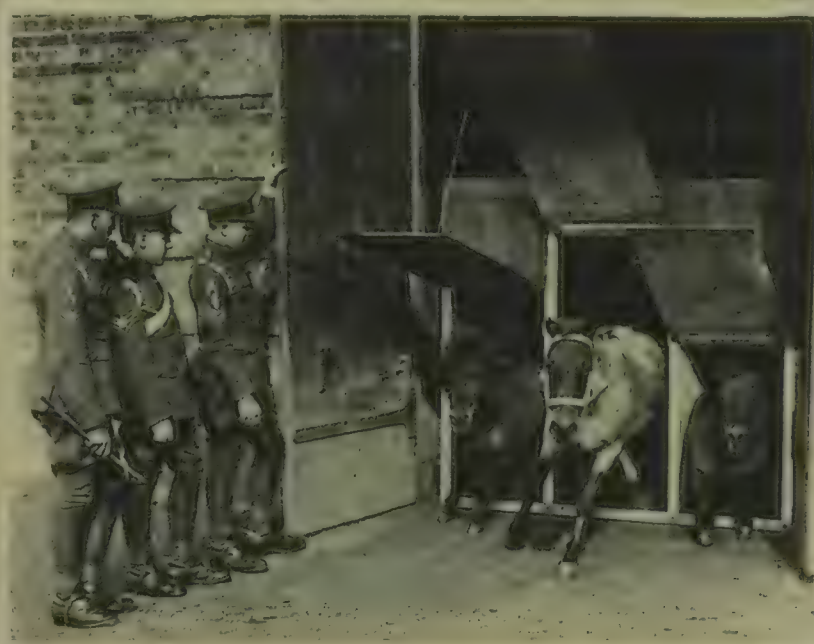
THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE OPENING: THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE ROYAL BOX, AS THE CENTRE OF A GROUP WHICH INCLUDED PRINCE GEORGE, PRINCE AND PRINCESS PAUL OF SERBIA, AND PRINCESS MARINA OF GREECE.



MILITARY HISTORY IN THE TOURNAMENT: A SCENE IN THE PAGEANT IN WHICH THE HOLDING OF THE BARRIER AGAINST THE RUSSIANS AT THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN, THE MOBILISATION FOR THE GREAT WAR, AND OTHER INCIDENTS ARE RE-ENACTED BY THE 1ST BATTALION ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS TO MARK THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE REGIMENT'S FOUNDATION.



A "LIGHT SIDE" WITH A GRIM APPEARANCE! TROOPERS OF THE 17TH-21ST LANCERS (THE "DEATH OR GLORY BOYS") WHO GIVE A REMARKABLE AND ENTERTAINING DISPLAY OF TRICK RIDING.



PRACTISING AN EVENT THAT MUCH AMUSED THE ROYAL VISITORS: PONIES LEAVING THE STARTING-TRAP TO RACE AFTER AN "ELECTRIC CARROT" IN THE SKIT ON GREYHOUND-RACING.

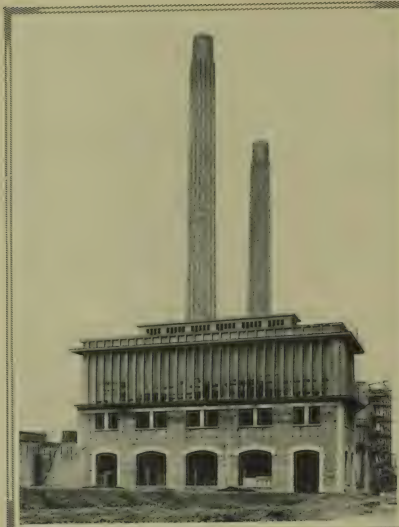
The Royal Tournament at Olympia this year is well worthy of the great traditions of its predecessors, and is as stirring and entertaining as any one of them. It is doubtful, in point of fact, whether there has ever been a better blend of amusement and high technical skill. The chief dramatic tableau, as we noted in our last issue, when we gave a double-page drawing of the subject, is a Dream of Inkerman, re-enacted by the 1st Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers as a part of that regiment's historical pageant to mark the 250th anniversary of its foundation.

Included in the programme are, of course, the famous regulation features, such as the contests between naval gun crews, and the Musical Ride. Amongst the newer items are the trick-riding display by troopers of the 17th-21st Lancers, a number of whom appear as skeletons, in allusion to their nickname, "the Death or Glory Boys"; most amusing toy-soldiers' drill by boys of the Duke of York's Military School; and a skit on that new and popular sport, greyhound-racing. The Duke and Duchess of York were present on the second day.



## A MODERNIST NOTE IN FRENCH

REPRODUCED FROM "EXAMPLES OF MODERN FRENCH ARCHITECTURE," EDITED BY  
BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS,



A WELCOME DISTINCTION APPLIED TO THE ARCHITECTURE OF INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS: A NEW POWER HOUSE AT LYONS, DESIGNED BY M. TONY GARNIER.



A TOUCH OF FUTURISM IN MODERN FRENCH DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE: NEW HOUSES AT BORDEAUX.

Some of the remarkable results which have developed from *le style moderne* in current French architecture are strikingly illustrated by these photographs. In the Introduction to the book (named above) from which they are reproduced we read: "We offer no apologies for including work which will be universally admitted as sanely *evolutionary* in character—side by side with work which is frankly *revolutionary*. To-day, largely perhaps because we realise that our buildings of the present may no longer be suitable for the needs of to-morrow, we find a tendency for passing fashions in design. . . . It is not in great public buildings that we find exemplified the latest developments in modern proportions—dictated perhaps by the latest experiments in structural methods—and the detail reflecting what we may call the trend of the moment, that mysterious urge towards design of a certain type, which affects alike the painter, the



HOUSES AT BORDEAUX: REMARKABLE DWELLINGS OF MODERNIST TYPE DESIGNED BY LE CORBUSIER AND JEANNERET.



A NOTABLE EXAMPLE OF MODERNIST DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN PARIS: A PRIVATE HOUSE BY LE CORBUSIER AND JEANNERET.



A DOMESTIC INTERIOR IN THE FRENCH MODERNIST STYLE: A 'PRIVATE HOUSE IN PARIS BY LE CORBUSIER AND JEANNERET.

## ARCHITECTURE: NEW BUILDINGS.

HOWARD ROBERTSON, S.A.D.G., F.R.I.B.A., AND F. R. YERREY, HON. A.R.I.B.A.  
MESSRS. ERNEST DENO, LTD.



SOMEWHAT REMINISCENT OF THE "HOUSE OF THE FUTURE" AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: MODERNIST HOUSES AT BORDEAUX.



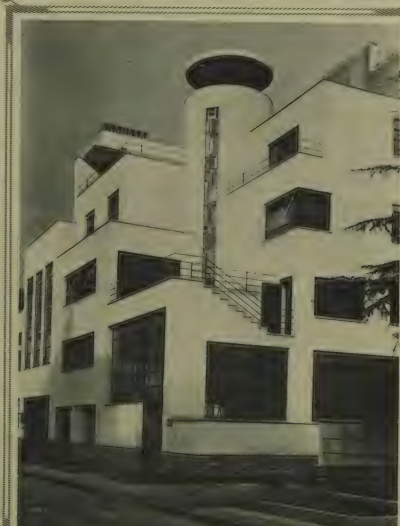
SEVERELY PLAIN AND RECTANGULAR IN DESIGN: MODERN HOUSES AT BORDEAUX BY LE CORBUSIER AND JEANNERET.



FRENCH MODERNIST ARCHITECTURE IN GERMANY: A HOUSE AT STUTTGART DESIGNED BY LE CORBUSIER AND JEANNERET—BEDROOM INTERIORS.



THE MODERN STYLE APPLIED TO ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE, WITH STRIKING RESULTS: A CHURCH AT LE RAINCY DESIGNED BY A. AND G. PERRET.



PRIVATE HOUSES IN PARIS: A DISTINCTIVE EXAMPLE OF MODERN FRENCH DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE, BY R. MALLAT-STEVENS.

sculptor, the dressmaker, and the architect. On the contrary, it is in the smaller, and to this extent the less important, examples of building and craftsmanship that can be detected those signs of change and of experiments—some of which latter may bear no fruit—but which in their aggregate may eventually contribute to form an architecture worthy some day to be designated as 'the modern style.' It is in the shops, the homes, the hotels, the cafés, the buildings sheltering activities which lie at the door of everyday existence, that we find the reflection of a desire for new expression. These buildings make no claim as regards posterity; they are buildings of to-day, for modern people. They reflect what modern people think, and do, and want." Many other striking examples are given in the above-mentioned book. It is interesting to compare them with the new architecture of Barcelona and Holland recently illustrated in our pages.





THERE are certain classes of furniture where the wood-carver brought an exuberance of design that carries one into ecclesiastical splendours of the choir stalls and the Bishop's throne. The same carvers employed their imagination in both fields, religious and secular. In the former there may have been limitations; in the latter they were somewhat loosed and were in "meditation fancy free." The side-table has quite a long history. It arrived at its greatest splendour in the days of the first two Georges—say, from 1714, when George I. came to the throne, till the end of the reign of George II., in 1760. This may be determined as the most grandiose period of design of these tables. But there is earlier style of soft wood carving in limewood and pine, and a later phase passing through the Chippendale creations, coming under the influence of Robert Adam, as an architect, suggesting his designs to cabinet-makers, and reaching the idealities of Sheraton in the first decade, and later, of the nineteenth century.

The side-table was never anything other than an aristocratic piece of furniture. It could not have found a proper place in ordinary surroundings. It claims a place and a setting with ornate carved and gilded mirrors in long galleries and spacious palaces where its particular lines may be seen to advantage. Quite Italian in character, an adaptation from Venetian splendours, it comes as unfalteringly secure in its design as the well-determined gracefulness of the glass from the Munano workers in the Adriatic.

The side-table should always assert itself as being quite apart from the more utilitarian table that seated the guests. Even so early as the sixteenth century we find examples in oak. There is a piece at the Victoria and Albert Museum, with a depth of only two feet and a length of some six-and-a-half feet, which obviously could only have stood against the panelling. In the late seventeenth century the scrolled-leg form with marqueterie, with lacquered decoration, and sometimes with drawers, is a feature.



FIG. 2. DECORATED WITH LION MASK, "DRAPERY," AND CLAW FEET: A CHIPPENDALE SIDE-TABLE, CARVED IN MAHOGANY (4 FT. 9 IN. LONG, 2 FT. WIDE, AND 2 FT. 8 IN. HIGH).—[By Courtesy of M. Harris and Sons.]

The stretchers in this style are rather interesting in regard to their peculiar convolution of form.

In the late seventeenth century Grinling Gibbons, loving his limewood, executed work of this nature, wherein cherubs' heads played as important a part in the design as they did elsewhere in his embellishments. Perhaps, when rectified by colder criticism, they became the Hebrew cherubim; they attained a more pagan signification as cupids in his secular designs. Of course, side-tables follow periods. They live and move in great environment, and with great acclamation they offer an embellishment to the galleries of noble houses. If at an earlier period they came to offer choice viands in the hall, they came later to show somewhat of ostentation and not a little of peculiar fitness in rounding off a wing or an arcade leading to the wider expanse of a spacious dining-room or a spreading library. It was fitting that they carried great and imposing vases of Chinese or Dutch origin.

It is not to be supposed that limewood and pine-wood offered the fine colour of mahogany. With swift

## THE FINE ART OF COLLECTING.

### XIV.—SIDE-TABLES: A MAGNIFICENT OUTBURST OF CARVING AND GILDING.

By ARTHUR HAYDEN, Author of "Bye-Paths in Collecting," "Chats on Old Siloer," "Old Sheffield Plate," etc.

elaboration of design almost running riot in fine exuberance, the wood was in the raw. It demanded another factor. That factor was forthcoming: it was gilded. Hence we find a glorious gallery of carved and gilded examples offering a gallant splendour of imaginative carving hitherto unknown in England. This gradually left the earlier lavish embellishments of the carver-gilder, to find in a later era closer subservience to the classic influence of Robert Adam, and was again carried on through the more subdued mahogany period of Chippendale and Hepplewhite to the nineteenth-century days of Sheraton side-tables,



FIG. 1. "COLDLY AND CHASTELY CLASSIC, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE CONCEPTIONS OF ROBERT ADAM": A MAHOGANY SIDE-TABLE POSSIBLY CARVED BY CHIPPENDALE TO ADAM'S DESIGN (2 FT. 11 IN. HIGH, 7 FT. 4 1/2 IN. LONG, AND 2 FT. 6 1/2 IN. WIDE).

which found themselves with a brass rail and became sideboards.

Sometimes the tops of these side-tables were marble, as befitted their Italian origin. Sometimes, too, they were made with a gesso decoration. Satyr masks, swags of flowers, ram-headed supports festooned with husks, and lion-paw feet carry on successively the magnificence of such a gallery of ornament. As if in order to add some further decoration, the marble tops were inlaid with geometric designs in colour, and the front of the table was further embellished with painted panels. Such a form is found at Osterley Park, as designed by Robert Adam.

Chippendale's "Director" (1762), Hepplewhite's "Guide" (1768), and Sheraton's "Drawing Book" (1791) offer types. Later they began to be styled as console tables or pier tables. They are still side-tables, whatever the nomenclature of later designers. But there begins to be this distinction: that they were produced for another class of person. They lingered as a fashion, although they parted with their name—or perhaps, rather, one might say they took later names. But their ancestry is unsullied. To-day, probably, they have no especial significance in the modern home that sets out for less grandeur. But they have a very important place in the history and development of English furniture. They represent a great period where an outburst of design cannot have failed to make its impress on lesser styles.

It was exactly at the zenith of this fine output of the wood-carver that the silversmith came forward magnificently with designs that have brushed aside less inspired creations. It was Paul de Lamerie who produced in the middle eighteenth century examples which collectors love with his "P. L." and the crown above; and the silversmith often was in design slightly ahead of the wood-carver and of the cabinet-maker, as he always was of the potter, who found metal designs as something to plagiarise, too often unworthily.

There are many types of side-table attributed to William Kent, the architect and designer of some very ornate furniture. We illustrate a Kent table (Fig. 3)

which exhibits the characteristics of such tables. Heavy and massive in its supporting legs, with eagle-heads embodied in a mass of ornate foliage, it cannot be said to be a clean and clear-cut design. The shell ornament is vitiated from its purity as a well-known ornament by receiving additions not in keeping. The bun-feet to the legs form an ornament we might very well do without. But as a Kent piece we take it as we find it. Architect he was and painter of portraits. He designed drawings for Gay's "Fables." Walpole considered him the "inventor of modern gardening."

He came under all sorts of powerful patronage, by the Duke of Newcastle and by the Duke of Grafton. He was "master-carpenter," architect, keeper-of-the-pictures, and principal painter to the Crown on the death of Jervas. At the age of sixty-three he put an end to his life, and lies buried in Lord Burlington's vault at Chiswick.

There is a table illustrated (Fig. 2), entirely of mahogany, in the Chippendale manner, with lion mask and having swags on the apron. It is only some four-and-a-half feet in length and some two feet in width. It is clearly a side-table and of the mahogany era. If Chippendale has not alluded to side-tables in his "Director," it does not follow that he knew them not, for this volume did not include all his cabinet work, especially that which at a later date came under the inspiration of Robert Adam, the architect who directed Chippendale to follow designs that he had invented—as, for instance, those found at Harewood House, the seat of the Lascelles family. Here it was that Chippendale, with the elasticity of genius, accommodated himself to something more modern in design than his earlier essays in rococo French chair-backs and Chinese fretwork.

Accordingly, in critically examining the carved mahogany side-table (Fig. 1) quite in accordance with the conceptions of Robert Adam, coldly and chastely classic, as classic as Wedgwood and as austere as the stucco fronts of the Adelphi Terrace in London or Princes Street, Edinburgh, we may offer the conjecture that, if such a design was not carried out by Chippendale, then it was carried out by some scholars from his atelier. The story of the side-table, finding a sudden place in the early eighteenth century, almost



FIG. 3. WITH EAGLE-HEADS EMBODIED IN A MASS OF ORNATE FOLIAGE, HEAVY LEGS, AND "BUN" FEET: A SIDE-TABLE CARVED BY WILLIAM KENT (1685-1748), ARCHITECT, PAINTER, AND "INVENTOR OF MODERN GARDENING."—[By Courtesy of M. Harris and Sons.]

meteor-like transcending all other forms, glorious in its impelling triumph in carving, translating out of Italy something more than an echo, is indeed something of which the whole story has not yet been told.





## FOR SMART OCCASIONS

SMART clothes are essential for smart occasions—equally so for your chauffeur. Not only should he wear a livery which does your car justice, but during the summer when he drives you to the smart social functions, he should wear, too, a Dunhills Dust Coat. Like all clothing by Dunhills, these dust coats are of fine quality materials cut and tailored in the West End. They add distinction to both chauffeur and car, and are an essential part of every driver's outfit. The range of prices in the two different styles is as follows:

The "CONDUIT," as illustrated.		"THE EUSTON," Button-to-neck style.	
Grey Alpaca	.. 70/-	Grey Alpaca	.. 70/-
Blue "	.. 70/-	Blue "	.. 70/-
Grey "	.. 47/6	Grey Poplin	.. 32/6
Blue "	.. 47/6	Best White Drill	.. 32/6
Grey "	.. 37/6	Second quality Drill	.. 22/6
Blue "	.. 37/6	Best Crash	.. 27/6
Biscuit Poplin	.. 36/6	Ditto, with Blue Collar & Cuffs	30/-
Best White Drill	.. 32/6	Second quality Crash	.. 18/6
Second quality Drill	.. 22/6	Ditto, with Blue Collar & Cuffs	21/-

### DUNHILLS "SUMAIR" CAP.

The cap shown at the foot of our illustration is Dunhills special "Sumair" Cap for chauffeurs, which is specially designed for summer wear. It is perfectly ventilated by fine wire gauze all round the top of the band. There is no padding, and its weight is only 6 oz. Price 17/6.

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When Mr. J. C. Eno was born one hundred years ago, the first railway had just started. ¶ Already people were beginning to go on wheels where before they would have gone on foot. Already people were moving from the healthy countryside to the less healthy town. And already Nature was beginning to rebel. ¶ But in 1868 Mr. J. C. Eno discovered—in "Fruit Salt"—civilisation's answer to one of civilisation's most pressing problems. ¶ Constipation, rheumatism, indigestion—"ills of civilisation"—the way of Eno with all these is very much the way of exercise and open air and fresh simple food. For Eno prompts our most important bodily function to work dutifully and to time. Eno keeps the bloodstream cool and clean. Eno restores natural balance to the system—despite our unnatural lives. ¶ The more the new age becomes an age of sitting in an office all day, of going by motor-car instead of walking, of listening to the wireless at home instead of going out—the greater the need for Eno becomes. ¶ Start this golden rule tomorrow—Eno first thing every morning.

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The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" connote the world-famous effervescent saline of J. C. Eno Ltd., and are registered trade marks.





A shady hat of Tuscan straw, underlined with blue felt and trimmed with pink roses. It comes from Robert Heath's, Knightsbridge, S.W.

## Fashions & Fancies

crêpe-de-de-Chine to match the tunic. There are many lovely pyjama suits, and one which is of especial interest to those who have not an unlimited dress allowance is a "holiday beach pyjama suit" costing only 29s. 6d. The coat is sleeveless and so

Insertions of scarlet straw decorate very effectively this beige felt from Robert Heath's.

scarlet or blue. These are 29s. 6d.

### Inexpensive Race Outfits.

From bathing dresses to race ensembles seems rather a long jump, but at Harvey Nichols there are also delightful afternoon frocks and dresses which must not be overlooked, for they are extremely moderate in price. From the Inexpensive Salon come the two attractive outfits sketched on this page. The one on the left, with the short coat, is carried out in figured chiffon, and costs only 6½ guineas. The second model has the frock in printed georgette and the coat of plain black georgette. This is obtainable for 7 guineas complete. Printed crêpe-de-Chine frocks which can be worn without coats range from 98s. 6d. to 7 guineas, and there are well-cut tennis frocks of heavy crêpe-de-Chine available from 69s. 6d. upwards. Pretty spotted voile dresses for the holidays can be secured from 49s. 6d., completed with frilled and embroidered vestons.

Smart Hats of Straw and Felt. A new alliance of natural Tuscan straw and blue velour is introduced in the attractive hat on the left of this page, trimmed with a posy of silk flowers. It is one of the new models at Robert Heath's, Knightsbridge, S.W., and another is the beige felt with insertions of red pedal straw pictured on the right. There are any amount of hats in large and small sizes expressed in all the fashionable straws, such as Tuscan, baku, and ballibuntal, while the sports felts for which this firm are famous are available in new shapes and colours. They range from 30s. upwards.

"4711" for Summer Sports. After a strenuous day's sport in summer weather, or the strain of a tournament, there is nothing more refreshing to the entire system than a bath in which have been sprinkled a few drops of 4711 Eau-de-Cologne. The purity of the ingredients of this famous brand gives it special powers of relieving fatigue and "skin tiredness." After the bath, a few minutes' massage with the actual Eau-de-Cologne will give fresh life and vigour to the muscles. "4711" is made with the pure oil of Neroli, and it is this which makes it so remarkably beneficial to the most tender skin and renders it invaluable in the sick-room. It is obtainable at all the leading chemists and stores.

There is nothing more cooling or refreshing on a hot summer's day than "4711" Eau-de-Cologne, which possesses wonderful qualities for banishing fatigue, headaches, and restoring jaded nerves.



Lido Luxuries. Even for the Lido, the bathing dresses are the same, while pyjamas are worn for the beach. There are, however, some very smart taffeta ensembles, made very simply like the others. There are many attractive Lido costumes to be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W. One consists of a sea suit and a rug which can also be used as a cloak—a very convenient invention. The suit is of plain black taffeta with the hem of the short tunic cut out in a pattern over a band of white towelling. The rug (or cloak) has one side of black taffeta and the other of the white towelling. Another Lido suit has a silk stockinette swimmer and a tunic of crêpe-de-Chine over it, which can be discarded for the water. Over this, for cocktail time and lunch, is worn a lovely flowered satin coat, rather Chinese in style, with a panel of the



These charming ensembles for summer days are to be found at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W. The one on the left, with the new short coat, is of figured chiffon, and the other of printed georgette with a black georgette coat.

well tailored that it fits the waist and then flares slightly like a riding habit. It is in a rainbow design in lovely shades of magenta or rose colour. Then brightly coloured American swimmers with monograms can be obtained from 16s. 9d. A very smart variation, carried out in very thick wool, has the top part white, vandyked into a deep border of



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OVEN IN THE NEW  
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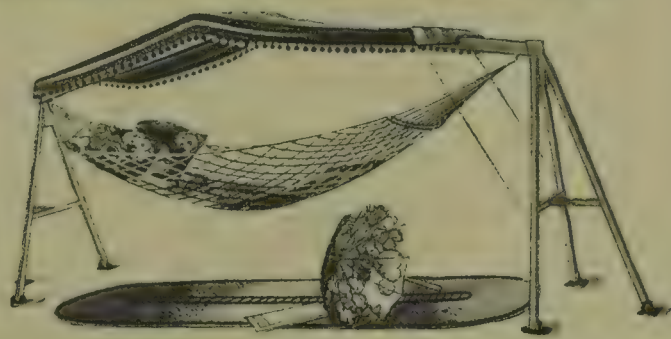
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Extra-large string Hammocks, with Bent Spreaders, from **21/6** to **31/-**.  
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with moveable back, adapts itself to the position of user. Covered in Cretonne, interlined with strong Canvas, **25/6**

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In Waterproof Cretonne, **27/6**



HAMMOCK CHAIR with Patent fitting to allow removal of Cretonne covering, interlined with strong Canvas. From **18/9**

Extra Deep slots on Back Rail. Head Rest with Loops. **6/3** extra.  
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K.415. Practical cami-knickers, suitable for tennis, made of artificial milanese, in White or Pink. Slender and medium size, **29/11**  
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Knickers to match, Prices.  
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K.403. Ladies' Opera-top Combinations, in White or Pink. All sizes.  
Fine Indian Gauze Price **25/9**  
Spun Silk - " **25/9 & 29/6**  
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K.418. Opera-top Vests in White or Pink, suitable for Spring and Summer Wear :-  
Artificial Silk (non-ladder)  
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Fine Milanese Silk  
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Super Milanese Silk  
Women's O.S.  
**21/9** **25/9**

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Price **9/11**

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## ELECTRICITY IN DAILY LIFE.

By PROTONIUS.

## XIV.—ARTERIES OF ELECTRIC POWER.

ANYONE who travels our country with an observant eye must have marked the occasional appearance of overhead wires which look much like telegraph or telephone wires, yet have their differences

be distributed to the public. Their idea was that batteries would be charged at the electric stations and carted round to people's houses every morning, discharged batteries being taken back, like empty milk-cans, to be refilled. This "battery service" was destined to be realised in an attenuated form in connection with motor-cars and wireless receiving apparatus, but electric supply proceeded on quite

of selected large stations; it is linking these stations together for mutual aid, and it is constructing a "grid," or network of electric mains, which will carry electricity "in bulk" to convenient centres of distribution in all parts of the country.

Part of this grid is laid underground; part of it will be carried overhead. But whether it be overhead or underground, its distinguishing feature is the



THE LONGEST ELECTRIC CABLE SPAN IN THE BRITISH ISLES: A MILE OF ROUTE ERECTED AT BLAENGARW, SOUTH WALES.

The above photograph indicates a mile of route consisting of four spans—2800, 325, 475, and 1600 ft. respectively—and is part of a 22,000-volt Callender-Kay pole line supplied and erected

for the South Wales Electrical Power Distribution Co. The weight of conductors in the longest span exceeds the weight of the supporting towers, and the sag of the wires is 280 ft.

from these familiar objects. Instead of following the roadways, they make a bee-line across open country; when they cross roads they show a complication of protective gear; and in general they are more substantial than the equipments they otherwise resemble. These overhead wires, which become more and more numerous every year, are a portent. They are arteries of electric power, and their growth points to the day when every little town, every village, every isolated country house or farm will be able to tap this system and derive an ample supply of light, heat, and power from it.

In the early days of electricity, some of the pioneers had quaint notions about how the new boon might

different lines. Electricity was distributed not by perambulating batteries, but by stationary cables, laid in the ground or suspended on poles.

The first system of "house-to-house" distribution did not venture more than a few yards. Then the area widened until an entire town was supplied from a single station. With the advance of electrical engineering the area expanded until the designers of electric power systems thought in counties instead of in single towns or cities. Now we are reaching the culminating stage in this evolution. We have created a Central Electricity Board which looks at the problem of electric supply as a national one. It is planning to concentrate the production of electricity at a number

extraordinarily high pressure at which the electricity is carried. In our homes we use electricity at a pressure of about 200 volts; these mains we see traversing the country, and those others we occasionally see being laid in trenches, carry current at anything from 6000 to 132,000 volts. Even the layman can appreciate without difficulty that the transmission of enormous quantities of energy at such high pressures must involve engineering problems of the most intricate kind. In the solution of these problems our British engineers have played a leading part. Great Britain was the pioneer of submarine telegraphy, and when the demand arose for electric power cables the experience which our manufacturers had gained in

(Continued on page 4.)

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1. **West Africa.** Takoradi Harbour, Gold Coast.
2. **Scotland.** Greenock-Paisley-Kilmarnock. A straight line Callender "Kay" Pole for 6-wire 25,000 line.
3. **Nottingham.** Laying Callender Cable through Wollaton Park. E.H.T. feeder for supply to the village of Wollaton for the Nottingham Corporation.
4. **India.** Electrification of the Bombay-Baroda & Central India Railway. South end of Andheri Yard, showing underslung catenaries at entrance of stabling sidings, also 22 K.V. transmission line.

The practical experience of the Company and the technical advice of their engineers are at the disposal of customers for electrical schemes of any size.



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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## SECONDHAND CARS.

ONE of the most fascinating pursuits for the keen motorist, as well as one of the best gambles, is the pursuit of a good secondhand car. The advertisement columns of the motor papers are filled, week after week, with the most alluring descriptions of perfect vehicles going at sacrificial prices, and every other owner one meets knows or has heard of something really good to be picked up for a mere trifle. At least, that is how it seems to you when you finally decide to look for one. Sometimes it is true, sometimes not.

As a matter of fact, I think the secondhand market has never been more promising than it is just now. We have all been taught, some of us by most bitter experience, to regard the used car, with an unknown history, with the deepest suspicion. When cars were produced in mere thousands a year instead of in twenties and fifties of the same denomination, there was a lot to be said for this Safety First attitude. It was not only possible, but extremely easy, to buy what we used to call a box of trouble, and go on paying for it in repair and other bills till the limit of our optimism and purse was reached. During the past few years, however, we have, in the old phrase, changed all that—or most of it.

**One-Year Cars.** We are, now in the age when a very considerable number of people buy cars for one year's use. At the end of that year they come to an agreement with their



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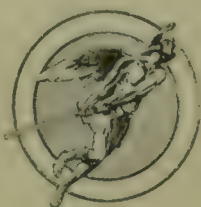
No need to look far to explain the enthusiastic reception of Dodge Brothers Victory Six. It simply eclipses everything selling at or near its price . . . everywhere . . . easily!

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See and drive this Victory Six and learn for yourself the astonishing results of Victory engineering.

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# THE VICTORY SIX

## DODGE BROTHERS

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local dealer or the general distributors of the particular make they like, and buy a new one on the part-exchange plan. The old car comes on the secondhand market, and is at least as often as not an excellent bargain. It has lost the fresh bloom of youth exteriorly, but generally speaking it is a sound car, good for another two or three years' work, according to its quality.

If it is a pedigree car (and that is the best sort to buy, whether new or secondhand) it may cost a good deal, even though it is well on into its second or third ten thousand miles; but, as a rule, it is not difficult to decide, after careful inquiry, whether it is a bargain or not. And, if one fails to come up to your standard, the next or the next or the one after those may. The choice is almost limitless, and, seeing and reading about the array of every sort of machine for sale at really low prices, one sometimes wonders how there can be a big enough demand for the new ones. That there is a demand big enough and bigger is, of course, obvious—fortunately for the industry.

### "Vintages" Should be Studied.

There are one or two sound rules in buying a second-hand car which the newcomer to the game would do well to remember. The first is: confine your list of possible choices strictly to well-established makes which are not in danger of going out of business. It sometimes happens that a particularly alluring bargain may be announced, either genuinely secondhand or (an insidious temptation) shop-soiled, going at an impressive reduction. Be particularly careful to find out if the makers contemplate closing down or, what is nearly as serious, dropping that particular model. Study the secondhand prices, paying especial attention to those asked for the various series or "years," so that you may get an approximate idea of any possible third-hand value.

In most cases the year, or "vintage," of a secondhand car is its principal asset. I have known numbers of cases where a last-year's model, in admirable condition, has fetched considerably less than one two or three years older. In one particular instance a five-year-old car fetched, after 36,000 miles' hard work, half the price of the very latest model. It was the best vintage, and the buyer knew it. That is decidedly rule number two in buying a used car. Find out first which are the best years' models and disregard the others. Last year's may not be

(Continued overleaf.)





SALE JUNE 15th. GOBELINS TAPESTRY "THE EARTH,"



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SALE, JUNE 15th. A VERY FINE LOUIS QUINZE MARQUETERIE SECRETAIRE.



*Continued.*

anything like as good as the 1924 — or, naturally, it may be the only one worth considering. You should be particularly careful to find out.

### "Crashes."

Rule number three, if you are buying elsewhere than from your local agent, is to deal only with a firm of established repute. Secondhand cars are to be bought everywhere, but it is only the first-class firm which sells you one in a square deal. There are establishments where you can buy what are known as "crashes," for example—attractive looking cars of aristocratic descent which have unfortunately met with disaster and been patched up. To what extent and with what lack of success this painful operation has been carried out you will discover for yourself—afterwards. Be very careful about these. Deal only with firms which have a reputation to lose and never with those which have one to make—of the proper sort, I mean.

These are the main rules to obey. When you have narrowed your choice down to, say, two or three cars, and it is only upon their respective condition that your ultimate selection depends, the time has come for the acid test—the trial run with yourself at the wheel. I call this the acid test because, although each of the three may run equally satisfactorily from

the point of view of mere transport, it is fatal to buy a secondhand car (or a new one, for that matter) with which you cannot make yourself at home in a

enough for you to face a 200-mile drive; whether the steering column is raked at a comfortable angle; whether you can comfortably see "all round you"

when driving (look out for the black line of a divided windscreen across your vision—a deadly fault); whether, in short, you are really happy with her.

### Remember the Tyres.

There are few worse bargains than a motor-car, however good, in which you are not at home. Moreover, there are few things more dangerous. The uncomfortable driver is the driver who has accidents. By the time you have reached this point you will, being human, have made up your mind about it all, and, if you like the car, little, if anything, will deter you from buying it. Yet let there still be time to pause and examine the tyres. Tyres are cheap to-day, I know, but a new set of four or five may easily add £30 to the price of the car. Don't forget to look at the tyres.

I have said nothing about the mechanical condition, because a decent firm should make themselves responsible for that. Observe the brakes and steering, and mark the behaviour of the engine on a run familiar to you. Unless the car is over 10,000 miles old you should not need to worry over anything else—if it comes of respectable works.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.



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few minutes. I do not mean only in such details as easy gear-change or control, but in every way. You must decide at once whether the seats are comfortable

less the car is over 10,000 miles old you should not need to worry over anything else—if it comes of respectable works.



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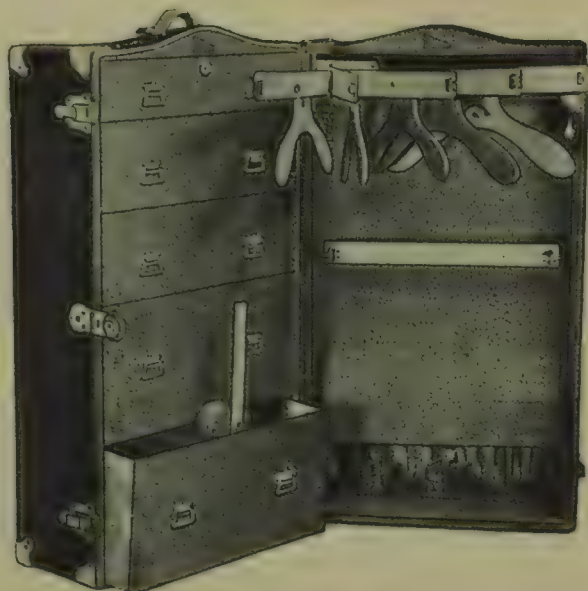
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## THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE MOUNTAIN, AND OTHER STORIES. By ST. JOHN ERVINE. (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.)

"The Mountain" contains short stories and sketches written by St. John Ervine in the last twenty years. It is a varied collection, but not so varied that it fails to exhibit the main trend of Mr. Ervine's thoughts. His sympathy for the wistful people who go star-gazing through life is clearly shown in "The Mountain" itself, the first story. "Old Mrs. Clifford," who was rescued from invalidism by the death of her elderly tyrant, is admirable, and Mr. Clifford is true to type. There are many Mrs. Cliffords who are not released in time to enjoy the remnant of their days, or perhaps are not as resilient as Mr. Ervine's old lady. She, again, benefits by his kind-heartedness. Mr. Peden, in "Mr. Peden Keeps His Cook," is more severely treated; but then he was a selfish gourmand whose god was his belly, and his discomfiture served him right. "Adventure" is another story of escape, in which a middle-aged clerk plays truant from the office for a day. The most poignant piece is the last, called "Safety." There is escape in this, too, but it is by way of death. Mr. Timms's fear was that he would some day be unable to work, or that the firm would dispense with him. He was haunted by it, and in the end it happened. You see how it is with these stories. They reveal the pathetic secrets of the under-dog. There are lighter ones, but it is the little tragedies that appeal.

KAI LUNG UNROLLS HIS MAT. By ERNEST BRAMAH. (Richards; 7s. 6d.)

There seems to be no reason why Kai Lung should not continue to delight his admirers indefinitely. "Kai Lung Unrolls His Mat" is as quaintly ironical and as gracefully wreathed in Chinese garlands as "The Wallet" and the "Golden Hours." This is the philosophical narrative in perfect form, moulded by the humour which may be Chinese and may be Ernest Bramah, but is, in either case, subtly delectable. The genuine Chinese novel is highly satisfactory to read aloud; and, in spite of the people who announce that they take Kai Lung to bed and burn their candles down, his finest flavour is extracted in company.

The ear is better than the eye for assimilating his flowers of speech. "'Omniscience,'" reported a privileged slave, entering hurriedly, 'the populace has begun to assail the keepers of the routes with missiles of the riper sort.' No right-minded person can want to keep such treasures to himself. If he can do nothing else, at least he can give away "Kai Lung Unrolls His Mat" (but not his own copy), and recommend it, sure of their gratitude, to his appreciative friends.

THE ENGLISH MISS. By R. H. MOTTRAM. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)

There can be nothing but praise for "The English Miss," by R. H. Mottram, who wrote "The Spanish Farm Trilogy" and "Our Mr. Dormer." It conquers the immense difficulties of the bread-and-butter tradition, without overstepping the limits of the suburban upbringing that brings the Miss to her finest flower. It makes Marny Childers entirely lovable, and keeps sentimentality out of her composition at the same time. Marny's training, it is true, was designed to that end; but authors do not commonly walk with so much wariness when they are dealing with the material of a simple and obvious love-story. It is a long time since the young English girl has had justice done to her. The beginning is low-toned, but the colour of Marny's life enriches itself as she unfolds. She grows up in the war. The solid qualities of a breed that appear to be phlegmatic because it is severely self-controlled are the foundation of her character. She is fortunate in mixing with other young things of the type, and in having a father who placed her in the most sensible school he could find. But it is not schools alone that encourage or obliterate *schwärmerei*. "You despise the suburbs, do you?" Mr. Mottram means to ask. "They are decent places, and they produce decent people." And with that he gives us Marny and her father, and puts them to the test of war-time conditions.

BUT—GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES. By ANITA LOOS. (Brentano's; 7s. 6d.)

The life of Dorothy, by Lorelei, is, of course, the sequel to "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." It does not matter which book you read first; in essence

they are indistinguishable. They are purely American in setting and allusions, and probably universal in their impudent appeal. A host of imitators have risen up, trying to capture the Lorelei touch, but she continues to outdistance them. It is Lorelei's devastating candour that keeps her ahead. Other people become involved when they try to say one thing and express another; but that is exactly where Anita Loos scores. Lorelei, you will remember, married Henry, the son of wealthy parents. When she tried to move him to New York, "Henry thought he ought to stay where his father was. Because Henry's father is over ninety, and Henry was trying to break him of making a new will every time a new nurse went on the case. And it does not seem to matter how unattractive a new nurse is, Henry's father can always weave a Romance around her. Until we sometimes wish that he would get well, or something." But this is the trouble with "But—Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." The temptation to quote is beyond bearing.

JAZZ AND JASPER. By WILLIAM GERHARDI. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)

In "Jazz and Jasper" the jazzing world, feverish with love-making, money-making, and the monkey tricks of *homo sapiens*, is sent spinning into dissolution. But while it lasts it is gay, and the gayest of its inhabitants are the young women who snatch their ephemeral triumphs. They are irresponsible; but there is also the less attractive irresponsibility of Governments that dart after a *casus belli* in distracted Europe to ward off general revolution. All this is observed by the modern of moderns, a newspaper king. Meanwhile Lord de Jones, a meddlesome man with a scientific bent, has been experimenting with the disintegration of the atom. It is, says Lord de Jones, an imperfect interplay of atoms in the cosmic body that creates the fretting disease we call life. He lets loose the atom, to the furious consternation of the newspaper king, whose practical mind had seen atoms on the point of being harnessed to do the world's labour. The earth melts away, leaving a fragment detached in space, to be repopulated by a new Adam and Eve. William Gerhardt, you see, arrives, by a different route, at the same result as Anatole France. "Jazz and Jasper" is

(Continued overleaf.)

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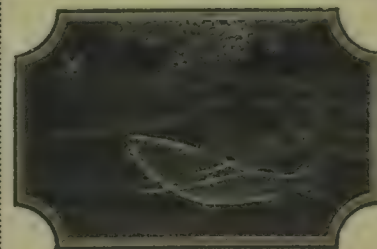
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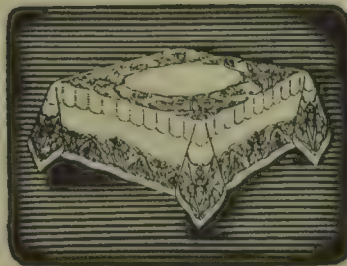
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Continued.] plentifully bestarred with brilliant passages, and is audacious enough to trifle even with Einsteinian infinity.

THE MYSTERY OF TUNNEL 51. By A. WILSON. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)

"The Mystery of Tunnel 51" fails to live up to its title, which is well enough. Mystery and murder it has, certainly; it bristles with them. But the machinery creaks, and the people are unconvincing. To create thrills out of Russian intrigue on the Indian frontier in these days, an author must be very, very brisk. A. Wilson provides quantity; but it is quality that is looked for in the modern detective story. India is a first-class background for exciting incident. Nothing is made of it by Mr. Wilson; London or New York would have suited his purpose just as well. Plans of frontier defences were stolen from a secret service officer on the railway to Simla, and he was murdered in Tunnel 51. The Chief of the British Intelligence Service was sent out from England to track down the missing plans. Bolsheviks, aeroplanes, and lady loves assist or obstruct, as the current chapter demands. The simple heart may rejoice in "The Mystery of Tunnel 51"; it is hardly to be recommended to the sophisticated novel-reader.

SOLDIER OF WATERLOO. By CONAL O'RIORDAN. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

David Quinn leaves school in "Soldier of Waterloo," and his Princess presents him with a commission in her regiment of Halberdiers. The Dazincourts, and the grandfathers, and Ruth Irwin are all here, together with the philosophy that Conal O'Riordan has built into young David's life. It is history, interpreted by a brilliant imagination. Is this Princess Charlotte? Is this the Prince Regent? You cannot pick holes in Mr. O'Riordan's treatment of them. And is this Waterloo, fought over so many times by the novelist, the historian, and the poet? There is a grim conviction in David Quinn's version. The fog of war was surely never better described. These, then, were our ancestors of 1815. In scene after scene, when one is about to protest to Mr. O'Riordan that his twentieth-century mind sees more than the early nineteenth century contained, an illuminating passage, reflective or ironical, substantiates his view. "Soldier of Waterloo" is a notable book.

CHESS.

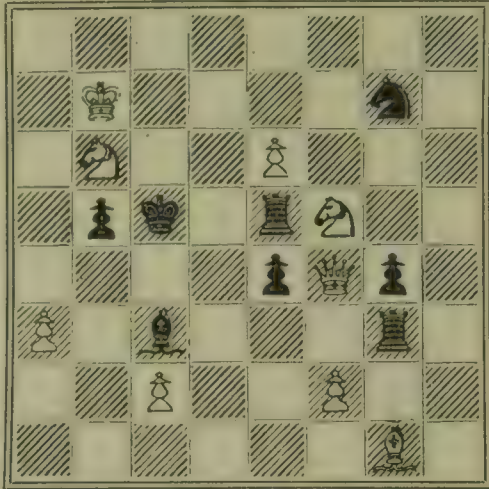
CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4026.—By EDWARD BOSWELL. [8; 2p5; ktp1Pp3; 2k5; 7R; 4K3; pPP3QB; r1R1B2.] Keymove: BKt1 (Lh2—g1).

If 1. — P×P, 2. KQ2; if 1. — PB3, 2. KB3; if 1. — PKt4, 2. KK2; if 1. — PK4, 2. QQ5; if 1. — KtKt5, 2. KB4; if 1. — KtKt1, 2. PKt4; and if 1. — B×P, 2. Q×B. This position was submitted as an improved setting of an idea of J. E. Funk, published in *L'Echiquier* in 1926, and we thought the improvement considerable enough to give it claims to originality; but, as Mr. P. J. Wood points out, both positions have been anticipated by a prize-winner by Tavernier, set as follows: 8; 3p4; 1ktp1Pp2; b2k4; 4R3; 5K2; Kt1PP3K; 3K1BB. Keymove: RKR4.

PROBLEM No. 4028.—By REGINALD B. COOKE (PORTLAND, MAINE). BLACK (8 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).

In Forsyth Notation: 8; 1K4kt1; 1Kt2P3; 1pk1rKt2; 4pQp1 P1b3r1; 2P2P2; 6Br. White to play, and mate in two moves.

The B.C.F. Congress, including the British Championship Tournament of 1928, will be held at Tenby in the first fortnight of July. This is earlier than usual, but a much more comfortable date for players who can escape thus early from their other duties, as the Welsh watering-places in August are packed as solidly as the "stonewall" defence to the QP! The Congress has to be held in Wales this year, and we wonder whether some Glendower of the chequered board will arise and scatter the invaders. The Championship entry is the strongest for many years, and in the Ladies' Section Miss Price will "stage a come-back" and endeavour to wrest her lost title from

Mrs. Stevenson. The "Major Open" looks like being very "hot," as Miss Vera Menchik and Eugene Zuosko-Borowski will be among the entrants, and also, we think, among the prizes.

We published in February a game for which Mr. A. E. Santasiere (the budding Marshall of the Marshall Chess Club) was awarded a brilliancy prize by the Metropolitan League of New York. Mr. Charles Willing, of Philadelphia, sends another high-voltage affair, with which the victor hopes, reasonably we think, to achieve another bar to his medal.

WHITE (A. E. Santasiere) 1. PQ4 2. PK3 3. BQ3 4. PKB4 5. PB3  
BLACK (S. Bruzza) KtKB3 PK3 PQB4 KtB3

This is the "Stonewall" deployment by White, but Black holds back PQ4, hoping, no doubt, to make K5 untenable for White by the timely advance of IQ3.

5. KtQ2 6. KtR3 7. KtR3 8. Castles 9. KtB3

Black's opening strategy proves unsound; as White secures KtKt5 for his Knights, and proceeds to force a pawn through to K5.

10. KQ2 11. BQ2

Preparing his 12th move, which cannot be played at once because of 11. — P×P, 12. P×P KtQKt5, threatening Kt×B or BR3.

11. QRK1 The winner remarks that KtKt1 would have been better, but Black, no doubt, wished to bring his QR into play before playing BQ1, and to keep the KR for defensive purposes on the KB file.

12. PK4 13. PK5

Now the last defence of the

NOTE.—The position after Black's 19th move (B×Kt) is\* as follows: 4rr1k; pbq2p1B; 1pktp2p1; 2p1P1b1; 3P4; 2P4Kt; PP1Br QPP; R5K1. The winner does a little flag-wagging over his 20th move (B×B), claiming that it is more "spectacular" and "artistic" than 20. Kt×B. Whether the judges will allow his adjectives the concordance of the lion and the lamb remains to be seen; but he gives the following continuation as one that might have occurred to Black, who, we hope, appreciates the compliment!

20. Kt×B 21. KP×BP 22. QR4 23. KR1 24. K×B 25. KR3

PB3 Kt×P KtK7ch B×Pch QKt2ch R×P

26. B×Pch 27. B×R 28. Kt×R 29. QKt3 30. P×Kt

KKt1 RB6ch Q×Ktch Kt×Q QK7

Winning a B and the game.

Answers to Correspondents and the list of Solvers are held over, till next week.

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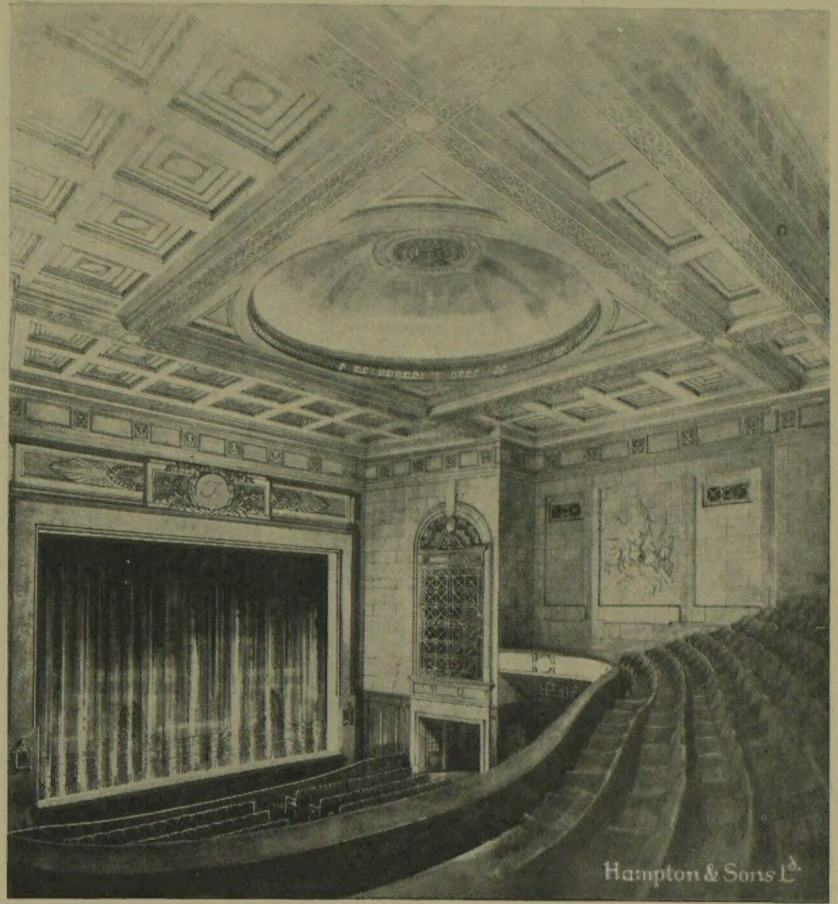
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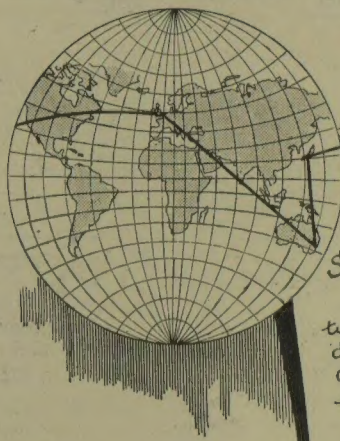
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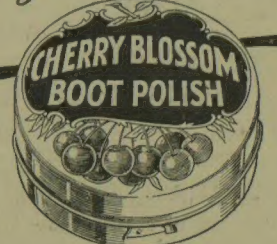
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Yours





## ELECTRICITY IN DAILY LIFE.

(Continued from Page 1016)

submarine work enabled them to lead in the new sphere.

At an early stage, moreover, British cable-makers got together, and, through the Cable-Makers' Association, adopted standards of quality and manufacture which have now become universal. In research and in their methods of production and installation they have kept in the van of progress so surely that the electric power systems of the present day give more reliable service than in earlier times, in spite of their increased complexity and higher pressures. This happy result has been achieved by the application of scientific methods to every detail of the links between the giant power stations and the lamps, motors, and other electrical apparatus of the actual consumer. For example, the joining up of two lengths of cable carrying current at high pressure involves more than a dozen processes, each one of which has to be performed with the precision of a surgical operation.

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And that imported pole we call the pine,  
Whereunder sprawling sheep or cows recline,  
Lifts up its arm of seasoned English oak  
And stands erect—a cheap transmission line.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## PIRANDELLO AT THE GLOBE.

THE ban on Luigi Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author" has been lifted, and the play, after being produced by the Arts Theatre Club, is being given a run at the Globe. The ingenious scheme by which the Italian playwright mixes metaphysics, an indictment of stage technique, and a forceful and rather sinister drama which makes itself felt, despite the supposed fetters of that technique, will be familiar to every theatregoer who has watched Pirandello's career. His six characters are supposed to mob a stage-manager in the midst of a rehearsal, and to insist on finding embodiments of themselves, and on working out the plot inherent in their inter-relations. They refuse to be left in the air, creations shut off from the world of art; they demand that they shall live out their parts. So this Father, Mother, Step-daughter, Son, Boy, Little Girl, and unpleasant Dressmaker force their grim story on to the footlights, its horror culminating in the meeting of Father and unsuspected Step-daughter at the Dressmaker's ugly establishment. Of the six characters, the one which shows the most vivid vitality is the Step-daughter, whose impudent defiance and vindictive passion are brilliantly realised by Miss Dorothy Black. Mr. Walter Pearce plays the Father on quiet, almost deprecating lines; Miss Dorothy Holmes Gore and Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith are amusing as the leading man and leading lady who resent the intrusion of harsh reality on to the stage; and Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn makes a rich study of the producer. Here we have an extremely interesting and challenging experiment.

## "SKIN DEEP." AT THE CRITERION.

It is pleasant to be able to announce the successful debut of a new stage author. Mr. Ernest Enderline is his name, and his play is an engaging farcical comedy entitled "Skin Deep," in which fun is poked at the beauty parlour, and Miss Athene Seyler is provided with one of the best parts she

has had in her career. Olivia Brandon is a butterfly woman who finds age beginning to mark her cruelly, while her heart and spirit are still young enough for love and adventure. There is a young boy, for instance, whom she thinks charming, and so, for his sake, she submits herself to the harsh discipline of the beauty specialists—dumb-bells, calisthenics, hot poultices—and her reward is that the boy falls in love with her *masseuse* and leaves her deserted. Fortunately, she has a woman-friend, more cynical and tart than herself, who shares her ordeal with equal ill-luck; and when we last see the gallant pair, they have bidden a long good-bye to the beauty parlour, and are planning out an exquisite little dinner *à la carte* at a restaurant. Miss Seyler, of course, gives us delicious comedy throughout the piece, and finds an admirable partner in Miss Henrietta Watson, whose acidity of manner furnishes a neat contrast to her sister-actress's airs of feather-brained frivolity. Mr. Leslie Henson is the producer, and has taken care that there shall not be one slow moment in the show.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.—(Continued from Page 986.)

Studies in Modern Social Problems. By Francis Tudsbury (Witherby; 7s. 6d.). Finally, we pass from social theory to administrative practice in "THE BOARD OF TRADE," by Sir Hubert Llewellyn Smith, Permanent Secretary to the Board (Putnam; 7s. 6d.), a valuable addition to the well-known Whitehall series of books on Government Departments.

Talking of the Government reminds me that the Prime Minister's recent tribute to the genius of Mary Webb, conferring on her a posthumous fame, has led to a new collected edition of her works, to be issued shortly by Jonathan Cape. It will include the five published novels—"Gone to Earth," "The House in Dormer Forest," "Seven for a Secret," "The Golden Arrow," and "Precious Bane," besides an unfinished novel, her poems, and a volume of short stories.

And now I am wondering when I shall be able to write my contemplated work, "A Reviewer Off Duty." At present I must be content with "the gratifying feeling that my duty has been done." C. E. B.

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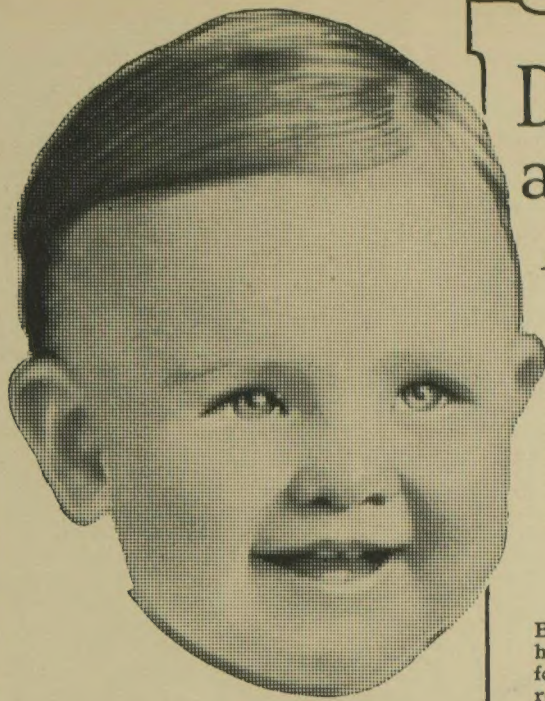
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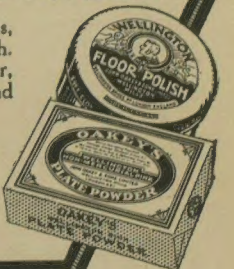
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